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JANUARY 27, 1932

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ETHEL MANNIN on PARIS NIGHT LIFE

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, January 27, 1932

No. 1467. Vol. CXIII

the BYSTANDER

Lenare

LADY LETTICE COTTERELL

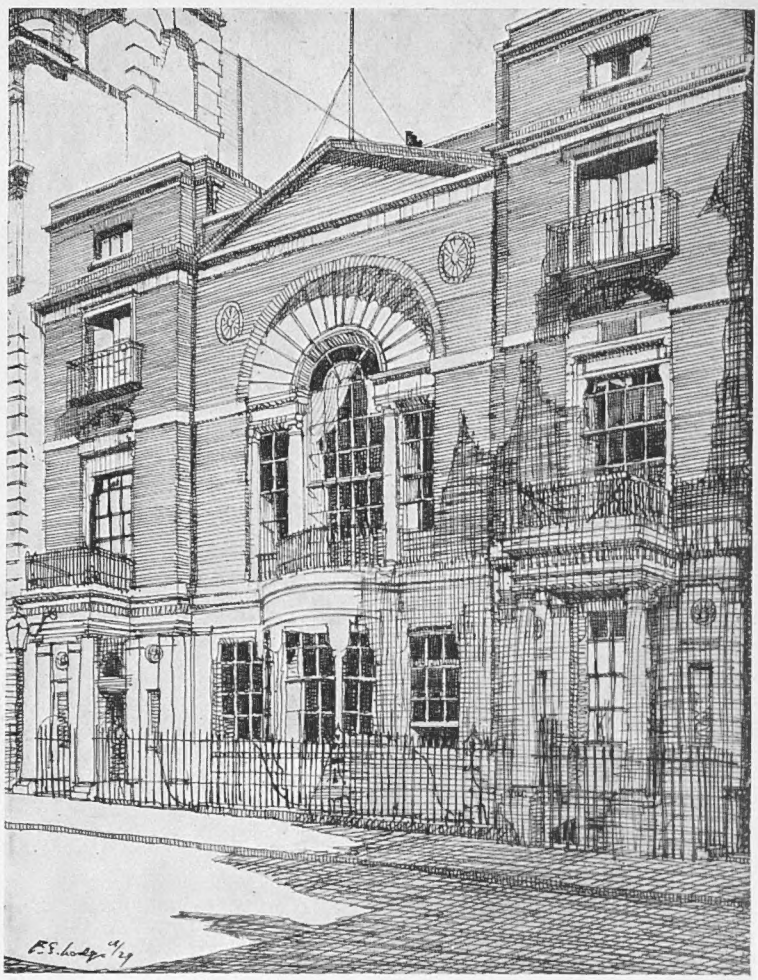
The wife of Mr. R. C. G. Cotterell, Royal Horse Guards, the only son of Colonel Sir John Cotterell, Bart. The eldest daughter of Earl and Countess Beauchamp, she was, before her marriage, Lady Lettice Lygon

LONDON'S CLUBS

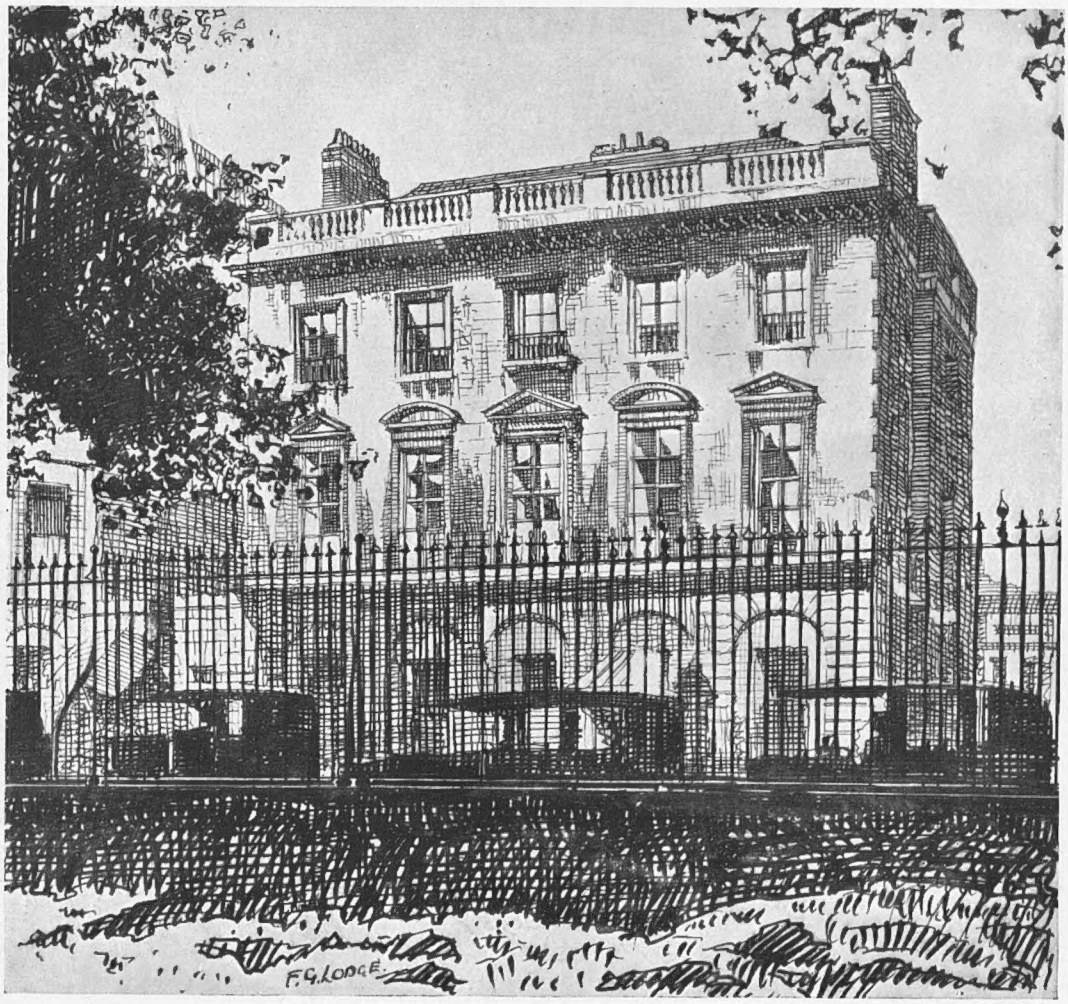
Clubs are a feature of London life, and, despite bad times which, in many cases, entail a reduced membership, they are likely to remain so. Boodle's and the St. James's Club are the two famous institutions pictured this week, and further reproductions of etchings from the needle of Mr. F. G. Lodge will be found in future numbers of "The Bystander"

BOODLE'S

One of the glories of St. James's Street is Boodle's—the club which is architecturally distinguished by its curiously beautiful window with its decorative fan-shaped scheme. Founded in 1762, which makes it sixty-four years junior to its near neighbour on the same side of the street—White's, Boodle's is pre-eminently a social club and is strictly non-political. It derives its membership mostly from the old-fashioned country-squire class, but it moves with the times and its standard of cuisine and bridge are alike remarkably high



Drawn by FRANK LODGE



ST. JAMES'S

The St. James's Club is the resort mainly of the Corps Diplomatique, many eminent members of foreign embassies being elected as a matter of course. It also has a literary side and contains a few of the more aloof novelists. Comparatively young—it dates only from 1857—the club owns a very fine collection of portraits, Kit-Cat size, and its table glass is considered to be more valuable than that owned by any other club. Its near "relation" is White's, with which it exchanges hospitality during the autumn cleaning operations

G.P.A.

A photograph taken at Woodfalls, Lord Melchett's Romsey residence. Lady Melchett is seen with their three kiddies, Derek (standing), Karis, and Julian

Lenare

THE HON. ALINE PARTINGTON

The only daughter of Lord and Lady Doverdale. She recently entertained a youthful shooting party at the family seat, Westwood Park, Droitwich

the passing hour

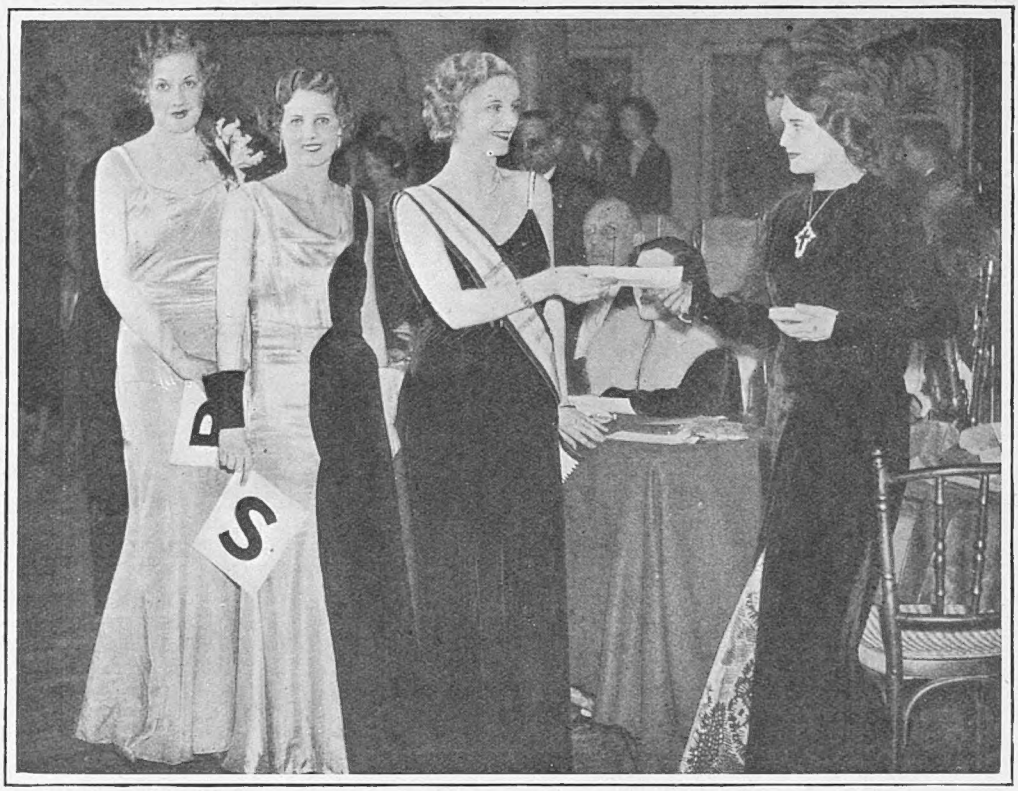
THERE is no doubt about it. The English refuse to be dictated to. Already there is a strong indication that Lord Snowden's speech asking us all to stay in England is reaping a whirlwind. It is true that most of the people who are going abroad are going on cruises. But the number of people who are doing so grows every day. Lord and Lady Stanley are off on a foreign trip. Mr. and Mrs. Loel Guinness are going, too.

LORD AND LADY CARNARVON are leaving us. Constance Duchess of Westminster is departing for Ceylon. Lord and Lady Hastings are going to India. The exodus is really quite remarkable, and yet perfectly understandable. One can prophesy, moreover, that it is going to grow still further. Which is good news for the shipping companies, who have had the courage of their convictions and, by cutting their losses on transatlantic travel, are reaping their reward in Mediterranean and West Indies cruises. It is an ill wind . . .

MENTION of dictation reminds me that the Home Office appears to be our latest tyrant in attempting to stop banks issuing tickets to their clients for the Calcutta Sweep. If anything is likely to promote the sale of tickets it is this action of the Home Office, and general resentment will be expressed by a larger sale through other sources. To be told you mustn't indulge in a harmless flutter makes an Englishman, and, still more, an Englishwoman, insist upon doing so When will our nursery governess legislators learn that prohibition of any sort has been and always will be a disastrous failure?

AT the Embassy Club at dinner-time the other night, the commissionaire, it is true, seemed a little sad. "So many people are breaking their good resolutions and going away," he said. And it seemed that he was right, for there were only

WINTER CRUISES IN BRITISH VESSELS



Miss Madeleine Carroll, the stage and screen actress, presenting a cheque to Miss Gwen Stallard at the Astoria Dance Hall, Charing Cross Road, after the latter had been chosen from twenty-one competitors to be "Miss Britain" for 1932. The runners-up, Miss Billie Schofield (left), and Miss Betty Spurling, are seen behind the winner

Prince Nicholas of Roumania and his morganatic wife, Mme Saveanu, seen on their arrival in Paris. Their marriage was recently annulled by the Roumanian Courts

forty people in the place, including Lord Tennyson, who is off to the West Indies. and Mrs. Derek Murphy, who sails for Canada.

AT supper-time, however, the place filled rapidly. Incidentally, it is good to see that Jack Harris, the leader of the orchestra, is back again. I was wondering whether Will Rogers would also make an appearance. He is the only man who has ever got into the Embassy at night in day clothes. But I doubt whether he will ever succeed again.

HOW I envy the lucky people on the passenger list of the Arandora Star. They sailed on Saturday on a romantic Caribbean cruise by way of Teneriffe, Trinidad, Nassau, Cuba to Miami and back. Among these fortunates are Lord and Lady Burnham, Lady Somerleyton, Lady Ursula Stewart and her husband, Lady Evelyn Giffard and hers, and many others. I gather that quite a few well-knowns were rather coy about their names being mentioned, and asked the Blue Star Line people not to let them out. I do not see why. The Blue Star Line is an English concern, and it is buying a British holiday to travel in her ships.

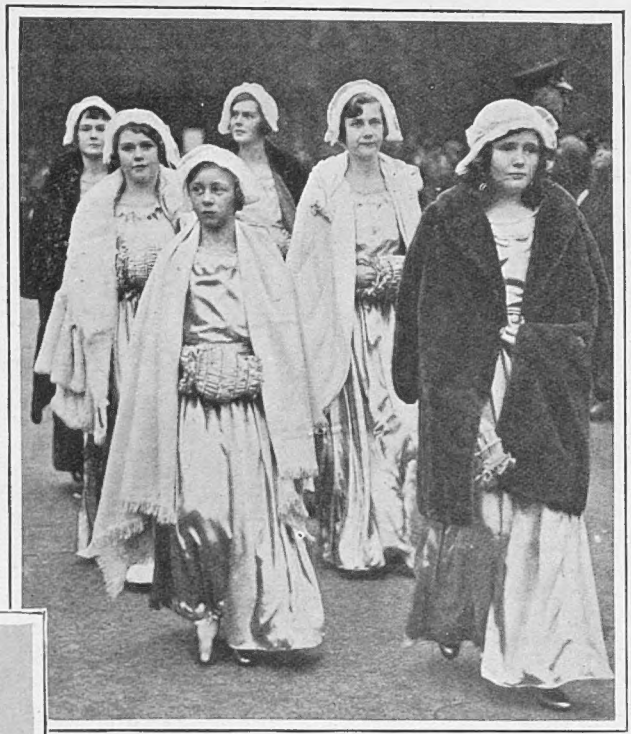
THE Hon. Rowland and Mrs. Leigh are going off in a few days to Majorca, accompanied by Mrs. Leigh's sister, Mrs. Wayne Parker. Mrs. Parker is the widow of the famous American Senator, and has been delighted and surprised by the mildness of our English winter. The Travel Association of Great Britain would

The Hon. Robert Gurdon, the only son of Lord and Lady Cranworth, and the Hon. Yoskyl Pearson leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week. The bride is the eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, whose seat is at Cowdray Park, Midhurst

SOME RECENT PARTIES

do far better to tell foreigners about our climate, and urge them to come here instead of urging us not to go abroad.

At the moment, the Association is asking certain writers, including myself, to write articles for a special British number of a French Monthly Art Journal. My holiday-task, so to speak, is 1,500 words on the London Season, together with the supplying of a number of photographs. This is all helpful, I suppose, but I rather wonder how many visitors this scheme will attract, especially as one of the articles is on the public hygiene of England.



The six bridesmaids who attended the Hon. Yoskyl Pearson at her wedding to the Hon. Robert Gurdon at St. Margaret's, Westminster. They are Miss Susan Ridley and Miss Susan Pearson-Gregory, the bridegroom's cousins, the Hon. Daphne Pearson, the bride's sister, and her cousin, Miss Veronica Pearson, Miss R. Agar-Robartes, and the Hon. Pamela Digby

Lady Georgiana Curzon, wearing a diamond clip in her hair, brought a bottle of orange champagne—a beverage I had never sampled, and have not, even now. Another girl with a diamond clip in her hair was Lord Decies' youngest girl, Moira Beresford. She is not out yet, but she wore long diamond earrings, too. Some of our sub-débutantes are charmingly sophisticated.

Lady Anne Villiers, in contrast, does not yet wear jewellery. Among the other guests were Lady Audrey Talbot and her sister, Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine, and Mr. Ian Murray. I might add that Miss Beresford has just become an aunt, thanks to the arrival of a small daughter to her sister, Mrs. O'Brien. Her husband,

E.N.A.

The Archduke Leopold Salvator of Hapsburg, who created a sensation in Vienna by appearing in the popular "Charley's Bar" wearing traditional hunting kit, with the famous Order of the Golden Fleece hanging from his waistcoat. Four challenges to duels was the sequel to his action, which his critics declared smirched the memory of the Royal House

Pola Negri, the famous film star, who has recently been critically ill, recuperating at her beach home in California. With her is the English actor, John Loder, to whom, it is strongly rumoured—and equally strongly denied by the principals—she is engaged

In London there have been several good parties. One of the best was a bottle party given by Lady Joan Villiers at her mother's house in Sussex Gardens.

Lenare

Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, the debutante daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne. She has a younger sister, Lady Elizabeth, who was born in 1927

THE COWARD MATINEE

like Mr. Tattersall and Mr. Austin, is known as "Bunny." There is also an ex-Oxford undergraduate of that nickname.

ANOTHER party, though of a different type, for it was a musical affair, was given by Lady Hadfield in Carlton House Terrace. Lady Denbigh was there, and Captain Gordon Halsey, who looked somehow out of place to me, for I still think of him in terms of the Quadrant. Mrs. D'Arcy was another guest, and wore a very dashing fur collar dyed half black and half white.

REHEARSALS for the Coward matinée, which was due to take place at the Saville Theatre yesterday, were the greatest merriment for all those concerned.

Setting out for the bob-run at St. Moritz. The group shows the Prince de Bourbon (left), Miss Rosie Dolly, M. René Fonjallez, Mr. Fletscher, and Mr. James Shields

Unlike most charity casts, which melt away as the great day approaches, the organisers had offers from a great many who wished to take part in what was quite an historic Coward occasion. It was all very "pre-Cavalcade." Some of the cast volunteered to double parts so as to have the fun of being in as many scenes as possible. For instance, Sonnie Hale was doubling his part in the "Eternal Triangle," and he also sang "Dance, Little Lady" with Jessie Matthews. The selections were taken mainly from *On with the Dance, London Calling, The Queen was in the Parlour, Hay Fever, This Year of Grace,* and *Bitter-Sweet.*

NOEL COWARD cabled from the Argentine to say "Dear Queen Charlotte's—I wish you the most enormous success with your matinée. I only wish I could be present to assist personally, but I feel confident that this operation will prove to be infinitely less complicated than many others you have accomplished."

Miss Hilda Duxbury, who has been voted the smartest and best-looking visitor to St. Moritz this season She is a Lancastrian, whose home is near Blackburn

E.N.A.

King Alfonso on holiday in Switzerland. The photograph was taken at Mürren, where he has been enjoying the winter sports

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

SWANS' NEST is a consistent hurdler and should earn winning brackets in the near future. She gave a fine performance at Lingfield, where she finished second to Lynton. Was strongly supported in the ring.

ROI DES AULNES is a proved stayer and would have won at Derby if he had not stumbled at the final hurdle. Was backed like a certainty.

FRANCOLINO looked a certain winner at Derby when his bridle slipped after he had negotiated the last fence. Carried big money. Follow up for a three-miles chase.

MARKINGTON proved a costly failure at Derby, but losses will be recovered. Was beaten for speed on the flat and had to be content with second place. Was backed down to evens.

KELLSBORO' JACK fenced cleanly and safely at Newbury and crossed the final jump with Parson's Well, whose speed secured him the verdict. Will prove a money-making chaser.

OLD BACHELOR did not appear to like the going at Hurst Park. Was confidently backed for a two-miles hurdle race. One to note next time out.

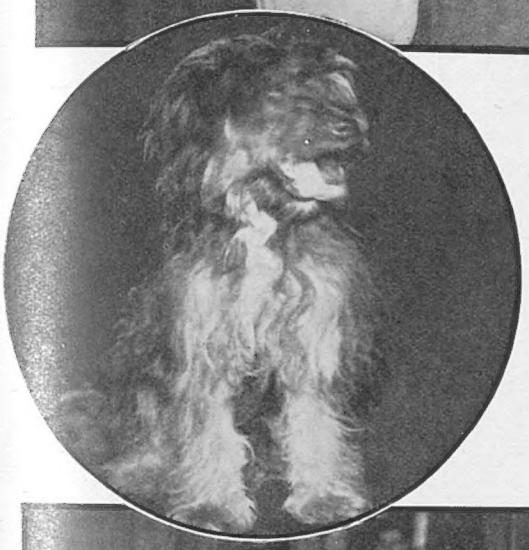
MEANTIME Lady Carisbrooke, with her accustomed generosity, is spending a great deal of time and trouble over a concert which she is arranging on behalf of Lady Dean Paul, who has been lying ill for more than a year now. The concert will consist entirely of Lady Dean Paul's own works composed under her nom de plume of Poldowski, and will take place at the Dorchester Hotel on February 3.

THE latest news from the Riviera reaches me direct from Michael Arlen, who has come over for ten days

(*Continued on page 152*)

The "Tail-Waggers" Night Out

Sonnie Hale and Jessie Matthews, the judges at the recent "Tail-Waggers" competition at the Piccadilly Hotel. The former is with Mr. Sherwell and his dog, which won the Longest Tail competition, and the latter is holding Mrs. Northcote Crisford's miniature black and tan, the dog with the fastest-wagging tail



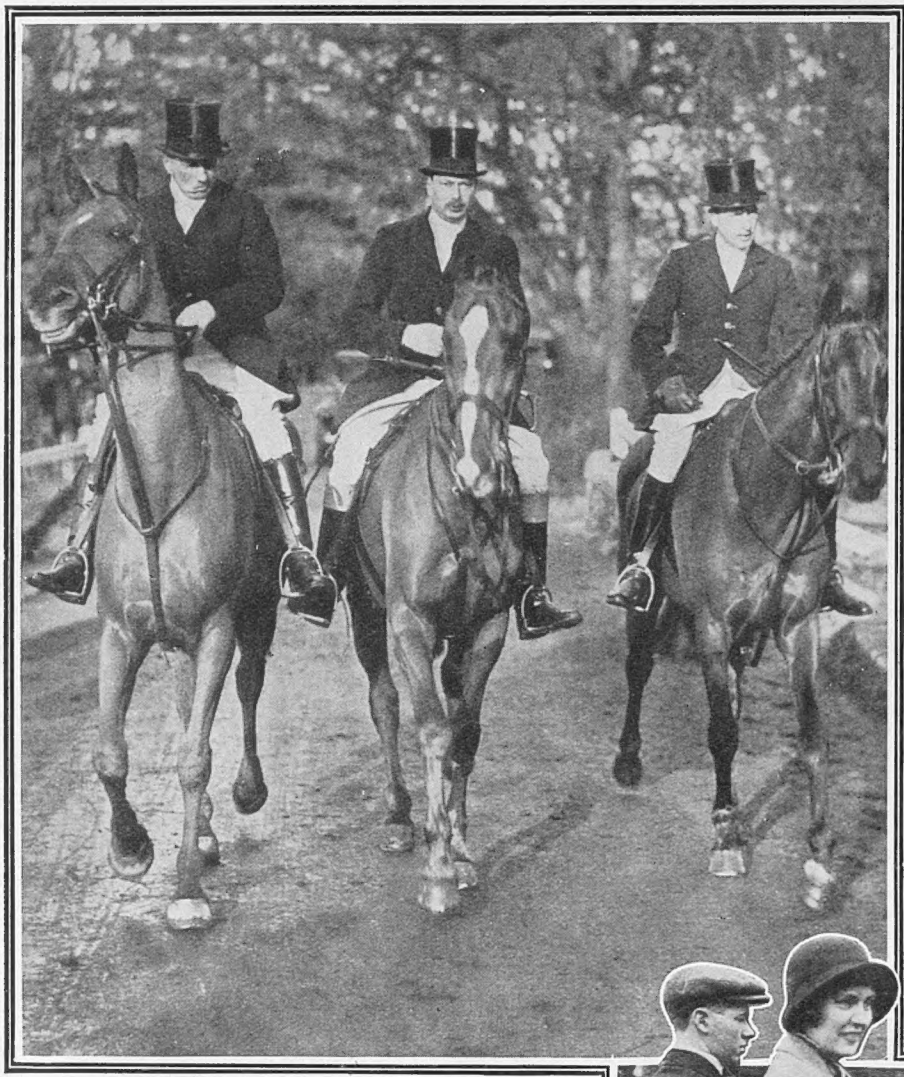
Left: This little fellow from the Battersea Dogs' Home, was put up to auction by Sonnie Hale and showed his appreciation by winning second prize for tail-wagging

Photographs by Sasha

Above: Professor Makaroff with his little dog, Lady, at the Piccadilly. She is a very clever little person, who knows at least seventy-five amusing tricks

Left: Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale measuring the dog which won the Longest Tail competition. Laddie Cliff is lending a helping hand at the other end

NOVELISTS ON THE RIVIERA



The Duke of Gloucester out hunting with the Quorn last week in spring-like weather. With him are Major R. T. Stanyforth, the Comptroller of his Household, and Mr. H. Beeby

(Continued from page 150)

to supervise the film production of "Lily Christine," with Corinne Griffiths and Colin Clive in the principal parts. "Cannes is perfectly lovely now," Mr. Arlen told me. "All the cads have gone. But P. G. Wodehouse, H. G. Wells, and Willy Maugham are down there, and frequently we forgather. The bar at the Carlton presided over by Henry is our chief meeting point.

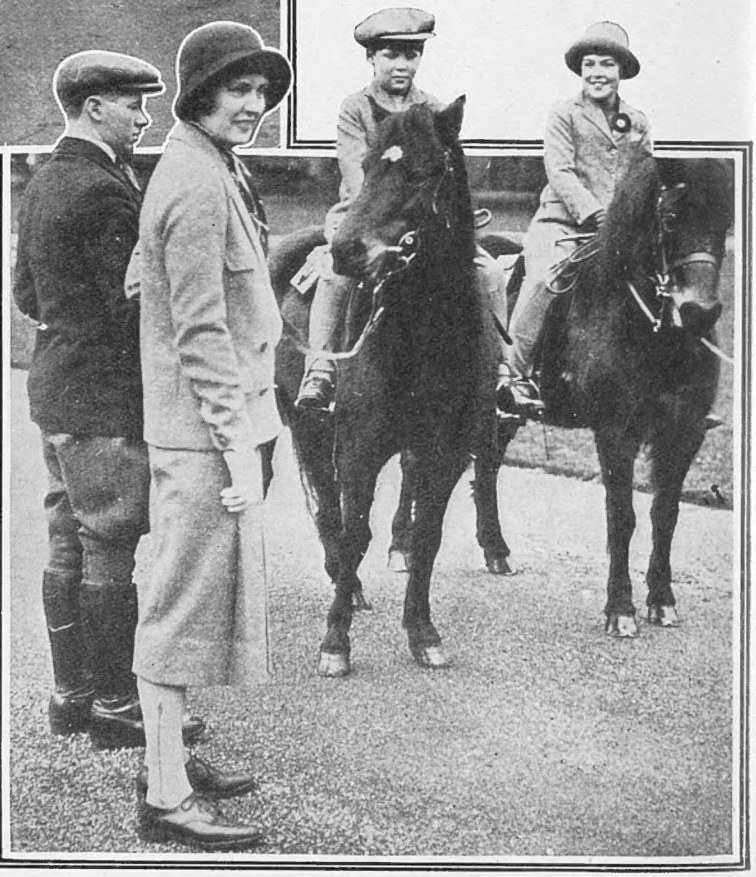
"I PLAY golf twice a week with Willy Maugham," he went on. "He usually wins once and I beat him the other time. P. G. Wodehouse has just finished a novel. I am in the middle of one, though I have not got a name for it yet. H. G. Wells does not appear to be writing, and Maugham is definitely resting before going out to Hollywood to write his scenarios for Greta Garbo. My own first-born is gold-haired and a year old, and I am glad to say does not resemble me facially at all.

"CANNES is quite lovely now," Mr. Arlen concluded. "The Aga Khan is there. The prices at all the hotels have been reduced. I am looking forward to going back. Meantime, I am lucky in having Paul Stein as the director of this film. He was the director of each of the last six Constance Bennett pictures."

ALREADY there is a premium on stalls for C. B. Cochran's production of "Helen," which is booked to take place this Saturday. The play has been having a successful try-out in the provinces, and George Robey is quoted as saying that it is the most daring play in which he has ever appeared.

LAST week's "Tail Waggers'" night at the Piccadilly was a great success, and the canine visitors appeared to enjoy themselves every bit as much as did the humans who were present. As a result of the evening no fewer than a hundred dog licences have been bought for owners who, owing to lack of funds, were unable to raise the essential seven shillings and sixpence, and were thus faced with the unhappy prospect of being obliged to part with their pets.

THE Battersea Dogs' Home sent six dogs to be put up to auction, and the sequel proved once again that the long arm of coincidence makes itself felt in real life to an extent which, if employed by a writer of fiction, would earn him the condemnation of all the critics, for one of the



The Young Entry in the saddle. Countess Spencer with her two children, Lord Althorp and Lady Anne Spencer, at the meet of the Pytchley Pony Club at Althorp, her Northamp on seat

A LITTLE-KNOWN MILITARY EXPLOIT

Mannell, London

Stanelli, the well-known violinist and Vaudeville performer, who has appeared at the Royal Command performance. He is introducing his new band to London this week at the Café Anglais

six dogs in question was promptly claimed by the chef of the hotel, who had lost him a few days earlier.

THE Monte Carlo Rally, which took place last week, resulted in a victory for a French car in the Over 11,000 c.c. class, M. H. Vaselle, who started from Umea, in Sweden, winning in a 3-litre Hotchkiss. The second place in this class was an all-British triumph, being won by Mr. D. M. Healey in an Invicta. Another Englishman, Mr. V. E. Leverett, driving a Riley, finished third in the Light Car division, and Mrs. Vaughan won the Ladies' Cup in a Triumph; so England need have few regrets over the result.

Major-General Sir Edward Woodward, K.C.M.G., C.B., the Colonel of The Leicestershire Regiment, who was Director of Mobilisation at the War Office on the outbreak of war and saw much service both in Gallipoli and Egypt

Nan Blackstone, a really clever comedienne from New York, who is a newcomer to London's cabarets. She is appearing at the Monseigneur in Piccadilly

THE LEICESTERSHIRE REGT. AT PRINCETON

IN this number we are publishing a picture by Gilbert Holiday which commemorates a gallant episode in the history of one of our famous Regiments of the Line, the Leicestershire Regiment—the old 17th Foot of former days. The incident depicted is from a period which does not figure very prominently in our military records, the War of American Independence.

In his great "History of the British Army" Sir John Fortescue says that the action depicted in our illustration was rightly judged to be one of the most gallant exploits of the war'; and, indeed, the facts of the case justify that verdict.

At Christmas, 1776, the 17th Regiment was marching up from Princeton (where the famous university now stands) to Trenton to reinforce Cornwallis; and at dawn the American force under George Washington, numbering about 3,000, encountered that solitary battalion, then only about 250 strong. Two other British battalions were some distance in the rear—too far away to help.

THE encounter took place in the dim light of a misty dawn, and the British at first mistook the dark-coated Americans for a column of the Hessian mercenaries. Quickly realising the mistake, Colonel Mawhood, commanding the 17th, decided to oppose the enemy's march and resolutely attacked, despite the astonishing disparity of numbers. With rapid fire followed by a bayonet charge the Leicesters drove the leading troops of the enemy out of an orchard they had occupied and then rushed a battery of guns. Some of the Americans, mostly undisciplined militiamen, were seized with panic, but George Washington himself rallied them, displaying fine leadership and fine courage under the point-blank fire, and the little British force was surrounded. Hemmed in on all sides but refusing to surrender, the gallant regiment charged again with the bayonet, broke right through their opponents, and eventually reached safety with Cornwallis's main force.

Ever since then the Leicestershire Regiment have proudly remembered that fight against odds, and it is hoped that, in common with other actions of historic importance, this battle-honour of "Princeton" may, in the not-too-distant future, be found emblazoned on the colours of the regiment.

Lafayette

Miss Kathleen Dunn, whose engagement to Mr. John Harvey Thursby, the elder son of the Rev. H. W. G. Thursby and Mrs. Thursby, was announced recently. She is the daughter of Sir James Dunn, of Norwich House, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, and of Lady (Gertrude) Dunn, of Charles Street, Berkeley Square

Hors d'Oeuvres
by "CAVIARE"

E.N.A

Miss Lucile Brokaw, the vivacious young American girl, who was one of the bridesmaids at Miss Patricia Richards's wedding to Lord Jersey. With lovely complexion, blue eyes and clever conversation, she fluttered many susceptible male hearts in England more than a little

LORD MALDEN is a young man of whom one hears very little, but I saw him at the Café de Paris the other night obviously enjoying a very interesting conversation. The Marquis de Chaumont was dancing; his piano-playing is delightful. Mr. Charles Birkin—who looks so ill—was with attractive Lady Bridget Poulett, and Mr. David Tennant was saying good-bye to his many friends before leaving England.

* * *

THERE is a young and lovely débutante, also a rich girl, who never tips in the cloakroom. I am told she also saves half-sheets of notepaper, and hates to cut string. What a good wife she will make.

* * *

"I LIKE Miss Jeanne Stourton," a young married woman said to me, "because she is so nice about one's appearance." That is true. Miss Stourton is always ready to admire and praise her friends, so that, unlike many pretty girls, she is a success with women. Miss Celia Palmer often talks of the beauty of her great friend, Lady Ashley. Lady Alington is an admirer of Lady Castlerosse, and Lady Diana Gibb is a complete "Greek chorus" to Lady Melchett.

* * *

TALKING of Lady Castlerosse, she has been living at Mr. Maugham's lovely little house in Chelsea, and has given some good parties in the famous White Room. But I hear Mrs. Maugham is soon coming home, so Lady Castlerosse will move again. She has had a lovely little house in Deanery Street and another in Culross Street, which formerly belonged to Lady Kathleen Rollo, and her famous gold bed moves with her.

* * *

THE best cocktail parties in London are given by Miss Eileen Idare, as Mrs. Jack Mitchell, in her adorable Mews house in Culross Street. These last until dawn, and her cook is a miracle-maker, for she manages to produce bacon and eggs for fifty people with no previous notice. Miss Idare is a brilliant dress designer, and I hear she is to start the new venture of a model house, and beat Paris at its own game.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN and lovely married woman left her shoe, like Cinderella, on the step of some bachelor flats, but unluckily her foot was in it, too. She has a badly sprained ankle which has required some explaining to her very jealous husband.

* * *

LADY DELAMERE is most interesting looking, her dark hair, very curly, is brushed back from her tiny ears. She has black, mysterious eyes, and a proud carriage of her head on a long neck. She is tall and thin and has an intriguing personality. Altogether well worth knowing, I assure you.

* * *

HOW wise women are to dress to their jewellery! When Lady Furness was dancing with the Prince of Wales at the Embassy the other night I loved her quite plain white dress, which was a perfect setting for her two long rows of black pearls. Her black gloves completed the effect, but, alas! she wore red shoes—which, to my mind, was a pity. Miss Vivien St. George wore entrancing green ear-rings with an old-fashioned necklace to match, on a very severe brown dress, and lovely Lady Edward Hay wore beautiful pearls with her ivory satin dress.

* * *

SO few women have a really gay laugh, but Mrs. Cecil Pim is an exception, and she is not afraid to let it ring out wherever she may be. Mrs. Wessel is another happy person who makes you laugh with her, and so is Madame de Pena—so different to the sour smiles of some people.

* * *

MY prize this week is for Miss Averil Streatfield, whose blonde beauty has already captured many hearts, although she is a near-débutante.

* * *
* * *

MISS KIT DUNN and Mr. Jack Thursby are so happy, it is a joy to see them together. She is most attractive with that fascinating cast of which Mrs. Elinor Glyn has written so much. Her sister, Mrs. Jenkinson, has petite features and very fair hair, but their half-sister Ann, aged two, is such a success that she is already proving herself to be a very serious rival.

The Earl and Countess of Jersey seen at Osterley Park after their wedding, about to start on their honeymoon. It is taking the form of a trip round the world, and during it they will visit the bride's father in Australia

BY J. S. GOODMAN

WELCOME HOME AGAIN!

The sight of the Mascot of London back home
In the Circus both heartens and cheers one,
For Eros is honoured by Adams and Eves—
Provided Eve's not a New Year's one!

THREE BIG BRITISH FILMS

Gordon Harker (left), Gillian Lind and Edmund Gwenn in a "low life" scene from the new British film, "Condemned to Death," which has been adapted from "Jack o' Lantern," the stage play by George Goodchild. It is described as "a psychological drama dealing with the ever-enthralling problem of dual personality"

Roma (Joan Maude) calls to say good-bye to her E England, in a scene from the British film, "Monastery Gar unfortunate Mr. Ferrier is languishing in the condemne

Arthur Wontner as a somewhat unusual type of judge, and Gillian Lind as the daughter of a wicked crook, in another scene from "Condemned to Death." It was ably directed by Walter Forde

Joan Maude and John Stuart in one of the love scenes with which "Monastery Garden" is liberally besprinkled. This film is a Julius Hagen production made at the Twickenham Studios

IMPRESSIVE NEW PRODUCTIONS

ver, Claude Ferrier (John Stuart), before she leaves for The depressing locale is accounted for by the fact that the an Italian prison, having murdered the Signorina's fiancé

Morton Selten (left) and Elizabeth Allen in a scene from "Service for Ladies," the new Paramount British production, which was recently shown for the first time at the Plaza. Although there is nothing startlingly original about the plot, the dialogue is very bright and the British cast do excellent work throughout

Another scene from "Monastery Garden," which was directed by Maurice Elvey. That swarthy adventurer, Cezare Bonelli (Dino Galvani), is seen busily assaulting and insulting Claude Ferrier (John Stuart)

Leslie Howard and Benita Hume in another episode from the bright new Alexander Korda production, "Service for Ladies." It was recently completed at the Imperial Studios, Elstree

WITH APOLOGIES TO ALL CONCERNED

Our old friend Mr. "Punch" suggested some time ago that social photographs might be made more entertaining if treated in a manner which he depicted in a drawing. The Bystander's effort to follow the suggestion in more realistic form proved so popular that a second experiment appears herewith. In apologising to the victims we suggest that complaints—if any—be addressed to Mr. "Punch"

Left: The Hon. Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton and her husband, the Hon. Charles William Baillie-Hamilton. The latter is the brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Haddington, and represented Bath in the Conservative interest from March, 1929 to October, 1931

Above: The Marchioness of Queensberry, who was formerly Miss Kathleen Mann, is the daughter of Mr. Harrington Mann, the famous painter, and is herself an artist of no small merit. The Marquess, who is also seen above, is on the Stock Exchange

Below: Viscount and Viscountess Bath. The former, who is the Member for the Frome Division of Somerset, is the son and heir of the Marquess of Bath

Miss Jessie Matthews caught in the act of kicking off at a charity football match. She and her husband, Mr. Sonnie Hale, who is also seen above, are starring in the successful musical comedy, "Hold My Hand," at the Gaiety

If Gossip we must

"Go into the kitchen, Jock. You look too human!" By Houghton

I am grateful to the Rev. Henry Carter for having come forward with a "powerful article" on the Report of the Licensing Commission, of which he was a member. It affords a splendid example of what the mind of a Licensing Commissioner, when it really gets going, can amount to. For your further information I will add that Mr. Carter is Joint Honorary Secretary of the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches of England and Wales, the historian of the work of the Central Control Board of the Liquor Traffic, and all sorts of other things that sound very like that—and is, therefore, an ideal person to decide, without prejudice, when and how you and I and the millions of decent people who like a drink and don't get drunk are to consume alcoholic refreshment.

Not for one moment do I doubt the Rev. Mr. Carter's sincerity. I presume that he honestly thinks that the ideal arrangement would be for alcoholic liquor to be forbidden altogether. He has sense enough to know that this is not feasible; but he cannot rid himself (and there are many like him) of the notion that alcohol is an unnatural thing, to consume which sundry concessions may be grudgingly conferred, instead of a perfectly natural thing which should entail no special permission, though it may be advisable in the interests of the community to punish those who do not know how to use it properly.

Prejudice and a topsy-turvy view of the whole question peep out of every line of Mr. Carter's long effusion, which I have not, alas!-the space for dealing with in detail. He declares, for instance, at the outset that the number of licensed premises is "admittedly excessive." Who "admits" this? He proudly states that "Some progressive municipalities have declared for a 'No licence' policy for their municipal housing estates." "Progressive!" If restriction of natural liberty is progress, let us have reaction.

Mr. Carter says that the "10 p.m. closing hour . . . is in harmony with the main body of the evidence tendered." That evidence was in no sense representative; it was called and chosen in order to fit in with the views, established in advance, of the more fanatical members of the Commission. If there were a general vote among those concerned (who did not figure either as Commissioners or as

Janet Jevons

FRANCES DOBLE

Who is the leading lady in "While Parents Sleep." This new play was produced at the Royalty Theatre last week and a first-night audience greeted it with much laughter

Stage Photo Co.

A scene from "Can the Leopard . . .?" the Ronald Jeans' comedy at the Haymarket. Harriet Noble (Gertrude Lawrence) is seen trying to sell off her clothes to those two stern dress critics, Daphne Hibberd (Kay Hammond), on the left, and Norma Wade (Joan Swinstead), preparatory to letting her flat

By Hynes

"Have you ever been pinched by poverty?"
"No. Such a man would never be so familiar!"

witnesses), it would—and Mr. Carter knows this as well as I do—be overwhelmingly against 10 p.m. closing.

He does make some show of bending to general opinion by suggesting that "a popular vote of Parliamentary electors" should be taken in the matter of licences for new housing areas, but swiftly goes on to say that such a vote is not to be decisive, but only for the information of the National Licensing Commission, who are to say yes or no. In other words, the will of Parliamentary electors is to mean nothing; they are to have no power at all. A very ugly example of tyranny.

For a streak of unconscious humour I am grateful to Mr. Carter. He shrinks with horror from the possibility that there should be licensed premises "in the proximity of a public park much frequented by visitors." That is just where any man without a bee in his bonnet would realise that licensed premises are most useful. What dreadful wickedness lies in stepping out of a public house into a public park, or stepping out of a public park into a public house, or, even, having a public house in a public park, as is done in such benighted, pernicious, and degenerate countries as France and Germany? With every sympathy do I suggest that, in order to cure him of the jaundiced view he holds about his fellow-mortals, Mr. Carter should take a little liver pill.

I no more believe that the historic and long-established London clubs will crash, or even materially change their character, in the lifetime of most of us than I believe that Westminster Abbey will become a Palais de Danse.

But clubs are not without their problems, as The Bystander indicated last week.

There is always a dilemma in clubland—that no club that is not difficult to belong to is worth belonging to at all, and that the moment various concessions are made in order to rope in new members (very necessary in these times of financial stringency) the danger arises of the loss of a club's

Navana

BORGHILD BODOM

The new leading lady at special matinees of "Waltzes from Vienna" at the Alhambra. Possessed of a beautiful voice, she is known as the "Norwegian Nightingale"

F. J. Perry, the lawn tennis star, who is also a former table-tennis champion, demonstrating shots to members of the South African Rugger Team, which recently concluded a most successful season over here. He has been coaching the English team for the International Table-tennis Championships, to be held at Prague at the end of this month

status and the shyness in consequence of the right type of men coming along to be put up for it. Thus a club committee, in addition to its many other worries, is always faced with this delicate problem.

THE abolition of entrance fees has been tried, on and off, for the past fifteen years or so. One famous club has in that period taken the entrance fee (a large one) off twice and put it on again twice. Which is peculiarly annoying for those who joined in the "on" intervals.

Another has taken to waiving the entrance fee in the case of those whose proposer and seconder can swear and prove that financial conditions render its payment impossible—in other words, a poverty plea, which strikes me as rather undignified.

However, clubs continue to be interesting and typically British institutions, and THE BYSTANDER'S series of etchings of most of the better-known ones will be closely followed. Besides, the etchings are in themselves extremely beautiful.

GIVE the British public a chance to enjoy themselves with something like Continental freedom, and that freedom is never abused. The other night I went to the annual ball of the Stage Golfing Society at the Savoy.

THE VITAL PROBLEM

According to a film paper the great question of the hour is, Will Tallulah Bankhead, who is starring in "The Cheat" at the Carlton, eclipse Greta Garbo, whose new picture, "The Rise of Helga," is featured at the Empire.

GERMAN Reparations
And Mussolini's aim
Are simple little problems
That strike us all as tame,
But there's one vital question
That vexes high and low;
And when the Cabinet all meet
For business at 10, Downing Street
The Premier leaps upon his feet
And cries, "Now tell me bo,
Has Grrreta Garrrbo come a flop,
And is the Bankhead girrrl now top?
That's *what I want to know!"*

Has the fair Tallulah
Knocked Greta Garbo flat
Or has that Nordic mystic
Got Bankhead on the mat?
That's the vital question
You'll hear where e'er you go;
And judges do not ask to-day.
"Who's Connie Gilchrist, anyway?
They just look coyly round and say
"This Court is puzzled, so
Can Counsel kindly tell us if
Miss T. has Garbo beaten stiff?"
That's *what we want to know!"*

B. W

JEANNE STUART *Janet Jevons*

In a little hair-raising act of her own. She is playing in "It's a Girl" at the Strand Theatre, which, although not hair-raising, is certainly laughter-raising

EIGHTY-ONE AND STILL WALKING STRONG

Charles Coborn, the famous music-hall comedian, who is also famous for his walking exploits, is seen above sitting in the foreground of a group which includes Dan Leno in the centre at the back. It is obvious from the dresses that this photograph is not a recent one. Charles Coborn's book of reminiscences, published by Hutchinson, is full of amusing stories of past adventures and entertainers of earlier days

Another picture of Charles Coborn, who sang "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," taken with his wife a few months ago

Although it was a Sunday night, in some miraculous fashion permission had been obtained to serve alcohol with a supper that started at 11 p.m., and when I left at 2 a.m. the "hard" drinks that make the heart soft were still flowing. I do not mean that there was any hard drinking. Far from it. Indeed, that is my point.

Here was what is considered to be a Bohemian and riotous profession having their fling on an "off" night. Yet, with fun in plenty in progress, and the wine flowing freely, I did not see the slightest approach to drunkenness, and I only wish I could have picked up the more bigoted members of the Licensing Commission by the scruffs of their nasty necks and shown them. But anyone who had been able to do this would hardly have been popular.

LESLIE HENSON was there, and said his little piece about the forthcoming Stage Country Club. Dorothy Dickson had with her that daughter who is so absurdly like her; Vi Loraine was with her husband; Gracie Fields was one of the many women in white and one of the few who had resisted the vogue of becoming a platinum blonde. Joe Coyne, younger than ever, picked up his ears when they played the "Merry Widow" waltz. Frank Boor proved that he is still "the Vesta Tilley of the managers." Godfrey Tearle and Morris Harvey represented Shakespeare and revue respectively. Lord Portarlington was renewing many old theatrical acquaintances. "Ian Hay" (Major Hay Beith) was among the more energetic of the dancers.

THE general opinion among theatrical folk was that wild and indiscriminate banning of foreign performers can only have a bad effect in the long run and that reprisals are to be feared. My view is that the banning is not indiscriminate at all, but mysteriously discriminate I agree that a policy of whole-hog insularity in this matter would be foolish and not feasible. But what I do find is that the small fry are caught and thrown out, and the big fish are allowed to swim about in freedom.

MUCH the same happened over the internment question during the War, when obscure and probably innocuous German barbers in back streets were harassed, while the more prominent and probably much more dangerous person enjoyed in many cases complete immunity.

PLENTY of English theatrical people are working abroad. But how many of them are working in leading parts? There are, for instance, only four large-scale musical productions at present running in London. One has a leading lady from Central Europe. Another has a leading lady from America, with a leading lady from Scandinavia to take on the job at occasional matinees. Here the première danseuse is a Russian. At a third theatre the première danseuse is an American. I find little balance in the fact that Paris has its Tiller troupes.

A portrait drawn by himself—and perhaps a little flattering—of Aubrey Hammond, the scenic artist, regarding intently one of his own scene-models. He is at work on the décor for productions at the New Festival Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, which opens on April 23. The last Haymarket revival of "Hamlet" and the recent production of "Little Catherine" at the Phœnix brought him much praise

BY STARR WOOD

"Is this the third turning on the left, please?"

AT THE PLAY

Just a few lines depicting some of the players.
Lady Cattering (Frances Doble)
Jerry Hammond (Jack Hawkins)
Bubbles Thompson (Diana Beaumont)
Neville Hammond (Hugh Williams)
Colonel Hammond (Nigel Playfair)

NAVAL AND MILLINERY

By Vernon Woodhouse

"While Parents Sleep," at the Royalty Theatre

COLONEL and Mrs. Hammond have two sons, Neville and Jerry. The former is in the Brigade—neither Fire nor Church Lads—but Guards. He struck me, if I may say so, as a rather suburban subaltern. This young snob hopes to get the job of A.D.C. to Lord Cattering, and Lady Cattering hopes so, too, as she believes that her dull, official life will be brightened by having on the premises someone considerably younger than her husband. Unlike the author, who calls a spade something considerably stronger, you will observe I am discreet.

THE younger son is in the Navy, and even though the author, Mr. Anthony Kimmins, is also in the Navy, I am not at all sure that the Senior Service will be pleased with his portraiture. To put it bluntly, Jerry Hammond struck me as an offensive bounder, which naval officers most certainly are not.

NOW Neville has suddenly announced his intention of bringing Lady Cattering to dinner and says that she wishes to stop the night. The telephone, again, is the medium through which Jerry Hammond tells his parents that he, also, is coming to dinner with a girl friend who requires accommodation for the night. This girl is a common little creature whom he has but lately picked up. I feel that but little blame is attached to his picking her up, but to plant her on his parents, even for dinner, is quite another kettle of fish.

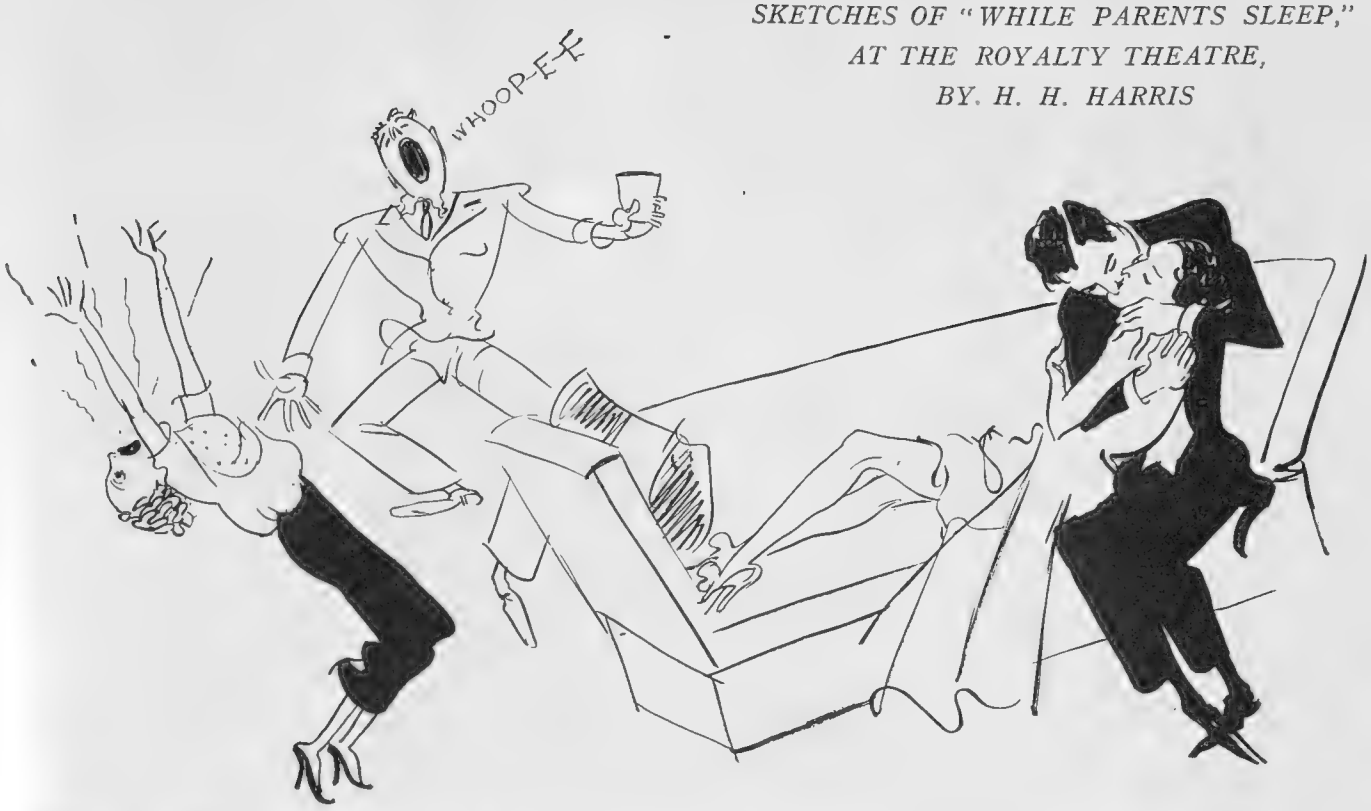
WHEN Neville hears that so vulgar a piece of goods as the pick-up will be one of the guests at dinner he is righteously incensed. What will Lady Cattering think? But Neville need not have worried himself, for though bearing a title, Lady C.'s conversation is far more free—as are her morals—than that of Bubbles Thompson, the pick-up and pride of Brixton. Indeed, the finish of the first act finds her ladyship saying that something or other is bloody—a word which still excites as much laughter in the theatre as when a comedian sits on his hat.

AFTER dinner poor Bubbles has a bad time given her by Mrs. Hammond and Lady Cattering before the alleged gentlemen join the ladies, and the latter is whisked off to the theatre by Neville and Bubbles to a Palais de Danse by Jerry, and then we wait until 2.30 a.m. for the former couple to return, and for probability to fly out of the window. It is obvious that Lady Cattering wishes to seduce Neville, and the only reason I can put forward for her choosing to undress in the sitting-room is to give the audience rather than Neville a chance of seeing her do it!

THEN, again, it looks like a naval author's smack at the Army to find that Neville is an innocent who is unaware of the lady's intentions. Still more improbable is it that, wishing to be free from interruption, they do not see to it that the front door cannot be opened with a latch key.

The parents (Nigel Playfair and Mary Hinton) are somewhat dazzled by Neville's (Hugh Williams) lovely friend, Lady Cattering (Frances Doble), of Mayfair. Neville is in the Brigade of Guards, and very stiff and correct but—

SKETCHES OF "WHILE PARENTS SLEEP," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS



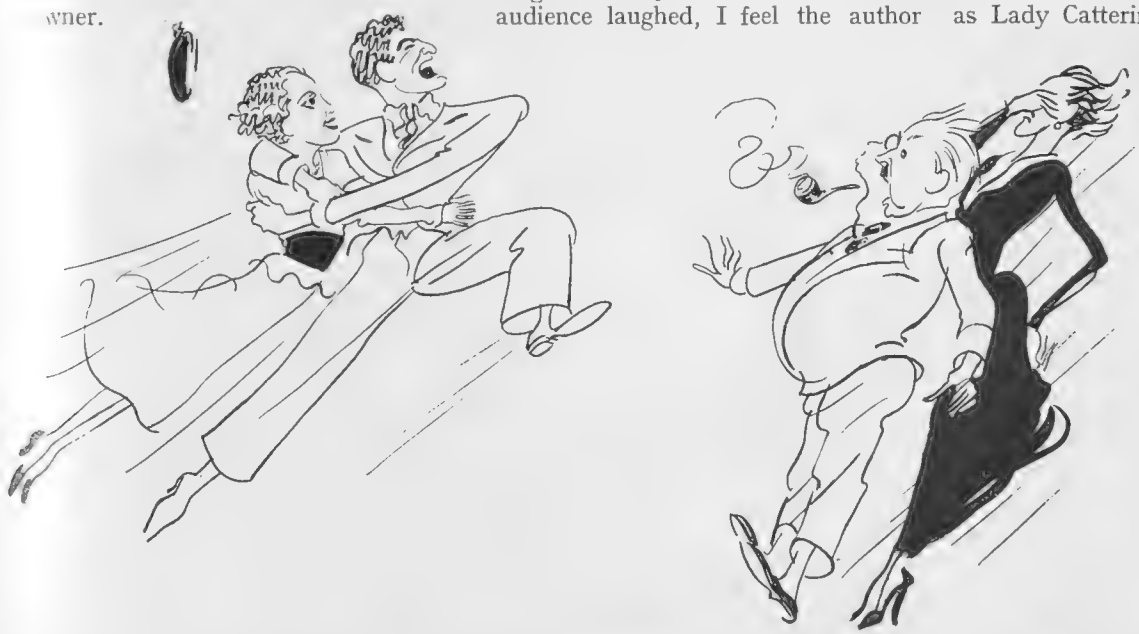
Bubbles (Diana Beaumont), the Brixton Belle, finds the rich Lady Cattering (Frances Doble) trying to vamp Neville Hammond (Hugh Williams) in her undies and gives an ear-piercing shriek up stage, whereas Jerry Hammond (Jack Hawkins) is all for it

THAT front door *is* opened by younger brother Jerry, who returns with his Bubbles and, greatest improbability of all, they are for ten minutes or so in the sitting-room without discovering the other couple! When they *do* discover them, Bubbles sees a chance of getting even with her ladyship, who finds it difficult to explain the luxurious display of cami-knicks on the spur of the moment and on the limbs of the owner.

THIS play, which finds both youths finally divorced from their charmers, is one at which a first night audience laughed consumedly, but it relies on its dialogue for success. In this dialogue frankness has been given full rein, thanks to the benevolence of the Censor, who has passed words and phrases which I could not believe I should ever hear used on the stage, but as the more vulgar the expressions the more the audience laughed, I feel the author has succeeded in giving the public what it wants.

MARY HINTON and Nigel Playfair, as the colonel and his wife, are wasted on nebulous parts, and Frances Doble, though she has a longer one, has really little to do except look beautiful in undergarments, which she does without the least difficulty. Hugh Williams also is not too well served by the author as Lady Cattering's—I almost wrote Lady Chatterley's—lover. Jack Hawkins, as Jerry, gets away with most of the "fat" as the very breezy naval officer, but I think he would do even better if he did not stress the caddishness so much. As for Diana Beaumont, she gave so exactly the right touch to the quite moral young cockney that I fear tremblingly for her future. I see her condemned to play this kind of character for years—and years—and years.

V. W.



—on the other hand, those same parents are terribly shocked by Jerry's (Jack Hawkins) friend, Bubbles Thompson (Diana Beaumont), from Brixton. Jerry is in the Navy and while on leave is very free and easy

My Weekly Thought

by

Norman Thwaites

IN a few days' time, on February 2, Parliament reassembles. What is going to happen? Exactly twelve months have elapsed since Lord Snowden, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, awakened the country to the gravity of the situation by warning the House of Commons that drastic and disagreeable measures must be taken if the Budget was to be balanced and if industrial recovery was to be made.

In his last speech to the Commons, four months ago, Lord Snowden uttered another warning: "With the declining national income and increasing taxation you are rapidly reaching the rapids, and you will pass over them unless you do something to arrest the course."

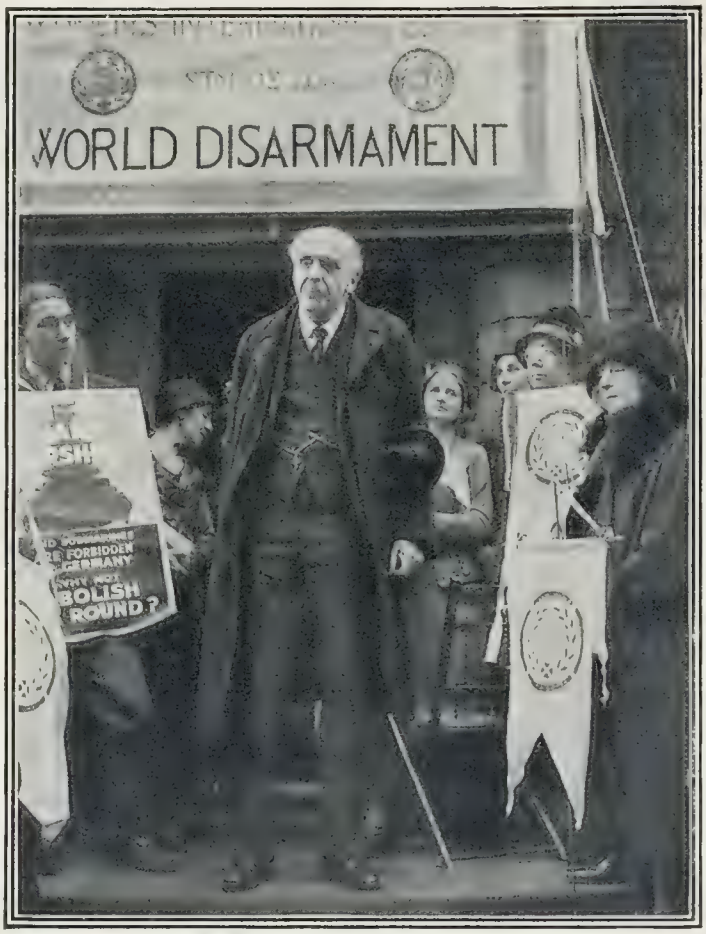
The people throughout the land responded magnificently, first at the polls and now at the receipt of Customs. Tax payments for the week ended January 16 amounted to £28,000,000, or 175 per cent. over the amount collected in the corresponding week of 1931. Could there be a better display of patriotic effort on the part of citizens to aid the Government? It has impressed the world and enhanced our prestige.

WILL the Government prove themselves worthy of the country? Within forty-eight hours of the reassembling of Parliament the Prime Minister will make a statement as to policy. The country awaits it with bated breath.

Four months ago the National Government received its unmistakable mandate on the issue of Empire Free Trade or Imperial Economic Unity. The country believed that only by increasing exports and decreasing imports could this country be saved from catastrophe, and leaders of the combined parties assured the electorate that the most effective weapon to this end was the adoption of tariffs.

The first efforts of the Government in the desired direction were disappointing, but the nation patiently hoped for accelerated speed once they were firmly in the saddle. The country knows that our economic perils are not yet removed. Do the Government realise this?

Lords Beaverbrook and Snowden awakened the country to a vivid sense of its peril. Is the Government attempting to put us to sleep again? Mr. Neville Chamberlain has spoken comfortable words. He has told us that the next Budget and its successor will be balanced, and the taxpayer is straining every effort to make good those predictions. He knows that we are living on our substance, consuming our own fat.



THE "APOSTLE OF PEACE"—LORD CECIL

The Joint-President of the League of Nations speaking at the London Headquarters of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Great Britain, having restricted her armaments to such an extent that she now ranks tenth among the military powers, fifth among the world air powers in terms of first line strength, and allowed France and America to supersede her in naval supremacy, has done more than any other Power to show her desire for peace, and has now reached the limit to which she dare go in this respect

IN 1919 six Parliamentary divisions in and near London fought elections on the cry of anti-waste. As a result the Geddes Committee was formed to cut down waste. Departmental "cuts" amounting to £175,000 were recommended—approximately the amount of the Budget deficit which we are given to believe has been rectified. How much actual economy did the Geddes Axe achieve?

Seven years after the Geddes Report this country was spending £800,000,000, while the prosperous United States, with much more than double our population, spent £700,000,000; Germany, with a population half as much again as ours, spent only £370,000,000.

What is the National Government going to do about retrenchment? If we are to judge their attitude towards economy by the decision just announced to scrap the new air liner we cannot expect much. This boat was ordered by the late Labour Government and approved by the Conservatives. Its cost will not exceed £80,000, of which £20,000 has already been spent. Subsequent aircraft of the same type will cost much less. Meanwhile, more men will be transferred to the dole. The decision is mere eyewash, and very disappointing.

SIR A. VERDON ROE, the pioneer, has stated that the Navy of the future will be in the air. A year ago Sir Philip Sassoon expressed his desire to see more money spent on flying boats, as this arm is peculiarly suited to the needs of the Empire. It is the obvious line of development for a maritime people.

If the Government honestly desire to retrench, let them turn their attention in other directions. The upkeep of a battleship is £1,000 a day, after an expenditure of £7,000,000. There are experts who believe that aircraft will banish the battleship from the seas. The League of Nations costs the British Empire £1,000 a day, or 26 per cent. of the total League budget.

The first Socialist Government recommended first-class fares at public expense for Members of Parliament to and from their constituencies at a cost of £80,000, the approximate price of the new flying boat. Most of the people who furnish first-class fares are content to travel third.

THE country will be well advised to remain alert, remembering that the National Government is composed of parties which, as Lord Grey has said, have never been real opponents, but always competitors outbidding one another in expenditure and buying votes by mass bribes. The country has spent, but not on national defence.

The world crisis is the result of international funk, which in its turn has been fostered by Great Britain's impoverished position and the criminal blindness of her statesmen in post-War years. The restoration of confidence in Great Britain will stimulate the rest of the world. Have our statesmen the vision and courage to take the necessary steps?

BY PICA

"ART IS LONG"

THE HISTORIC CHARGE OF THE LEICESTERS AT P

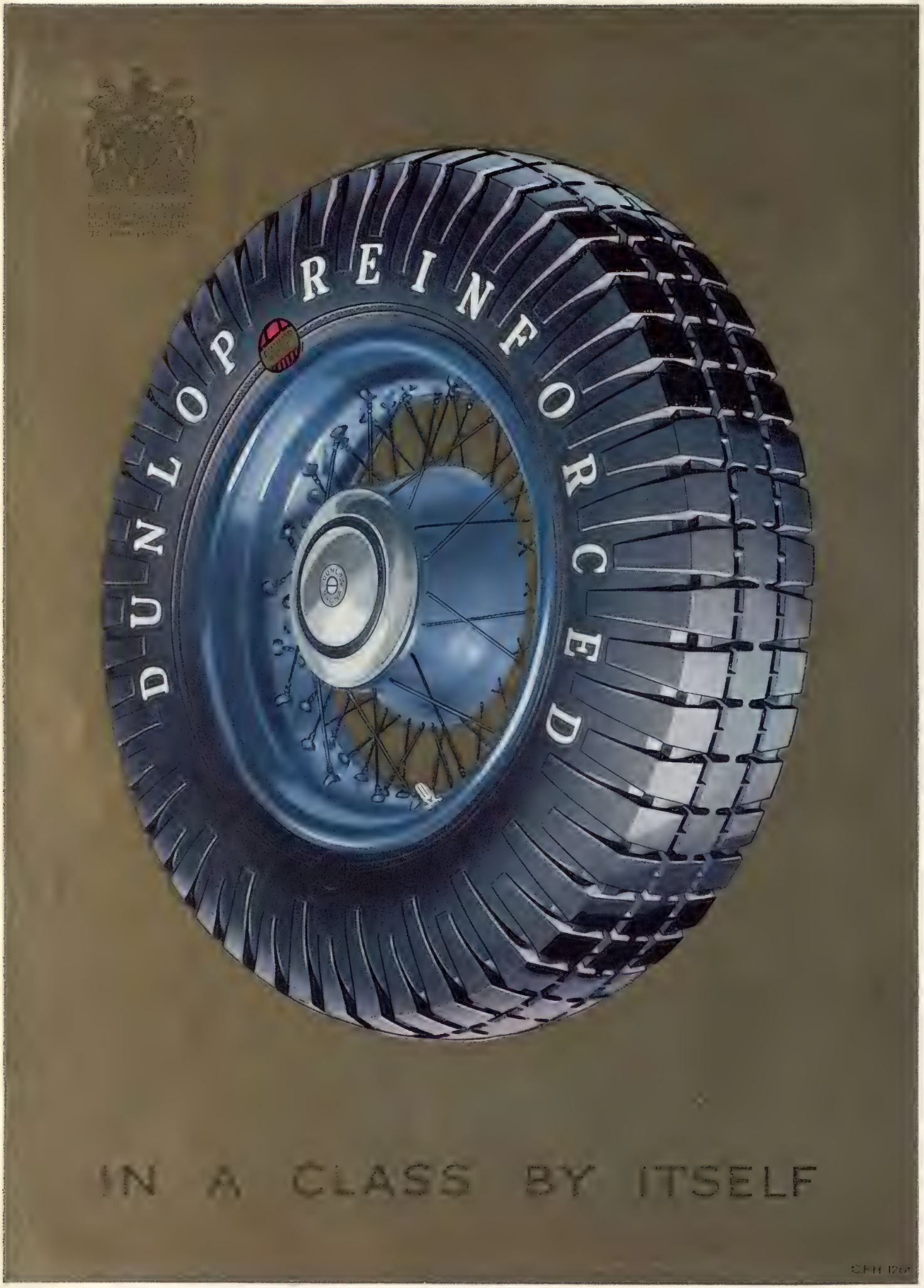
The following is a brief account of the action from the Regimental records : On the morning of January 3, 1777, the 17th Foot—now the Leicestershire Regiment—about 250 strong, commanded by Colonel Mawhood, was marching from Princeton to Trenton, and encountered a large force of the American army, some 3,000 strong, under the personal command of General George Washington. The encounter took place i both sides. Reckless of the odds against them attacked, drove the leading troops of the enemy battery of guns, and then found themselves surro

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

PRINCETON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO

e in a misty dawn, and was quite unexpected by em, the little force of British soldiers at once ay through an orchard, charged and captured a rounded by the whole force of the enemy. Still unbeaten, the 17th, with drums beating and bayonets gleaming, broke their way out of the circle of their enemies, and carried their Colours to safety. All American accounts have generously extolled the prowess of the 17th, and point is given to the picture by the recent celebration in America of the 150th anniversary of the capitulation at Yorktown

(The Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, W.C.2, are making reproductions of the above suitable for framing. Particulars can be obtained there.)


DUNLOP REINFORCED
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

REFORM in the FOURTH WARD

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

MY friend Reilly is a wholesale dealer in plumbing supplies in the Fourth Ward. When I first knew him he was active in Organisation politics. Then three years passed, until the other evening, before I saw him again.

"How's business?" I asked, making myself comfortable on a lounge on his porch.

"Rottener than a rusty washer," he said, reaching for an ashtray.

"And politics?"

"Politics in this city, young man, is rottener than that. I'm out of them for good. They're just lousy and no one can clean them up. I know—I tried. While you were abroad I became a reformer. Clean Politics in a Clean City—a neat slogan? Tied right up with the plumbing business Yes, sir, I was a reformer, but I learned my lesson. I carried this ward for Clean Politics right under the nose of the Organisation, but it cost me plenty. Now I'm through. Want to hear about it?"

Thus I heard of the Reform Movement in the Fourth Ward.

It begins with Kelly, Reilly said. He'd been on the City Council from this ward for on to twenty years—hand in glove with the Republican Party Organisation all the time. He was in the same business as me, and we were good friends. When orders for plumbing supplies were dealt out he got his share—I got mine. That's the way Government ought to work—fair to everybody. I paid into the R.P. Organisation chest just like any decent American, and I had no kick coming.

Then the city decided to go mad on school building. They planned a building programme that ran to a couple of millions. Well, Kelly got the first contracts. That was all right with me. But it wasn't all right when he got the next set, and the next.

I went and complained to the treasurer of the Organisation. It did no good. Kelly had promised to throw in a big share of his profits, much bigger than my contribution. I was out in the cold and ten million dollars' worth of building still to be done.

Of course, I quit the Organisation. A man's got to have some principles, hasn't he? But I didn't know what to do until I remembered that in two more months Kelly was coming up for re-election.

THAT was when I began the reform movement. First I started to talk general-like in the ward about dirty politics and what they cost the city. Then I began to get personal and to talk about guys who had been in office so long that they forgot the voters who put them there, and forgot that they owed the voters anything. You see, I had nothing to lose—the Organisation was off me, anyway.

Then I began to look around for someone who could beat Kelly. And that was where I made my mistake. I ought to have run myself and I would have, but I didn't want it to look as if I was just one of those hogs who wants to get his snout in the trough, too. That part was all right—by not running myself I had a swell talking point, me being just an ordinary citizen who wanted to clean up dirty politics. But I made my mistake in asking Grady to run.

Grady had a liquor store before prohibition; now he's retired. He's a fast thinker, and he was glad to run for me after we made a little deal on the basis of the contracts he was to get for me. It was gravy for him—I had to put up all the money for the campaign. Don't let anyone tell you that reforming politics doesn't cost money. That's where most reformers are wrong—they think they can beat an Organisation that gives out free coal in winter and grocery orders and boat rides and picnics in summer by handing out a lot of words. Not in this country—the voter knows his vote is worth something, and he doesn't deliver it over until he gets his. And he doesn't just want a lot of throat music and beautiful thoughts.

Well, in twenty years Kelly had gotten a bit careless, and had forgotten some of his friends down in the ward. So it was easy to get them lined up for Grady by promising that Grady wouldn't forget. That was a starter. A lot of them said, "Sure, Kelly ought to get out. He's had his turn and gotten his, and kept most of it for himself." I tell you, young man, the common people know what kind of men they want to run our Government.

Then I went to see Lieutenant O'Connell at the police station. You can't do anything in politics without the police. And our reform movement would have been washed up like a kite if I hadn't gotten him on my side. I'd heard he was a bit sore at the Organisation, and at Kelly, too He was another one that Kelly forgot.

"He promised me a job at City Hall long ago," says O'Connell. "I ain't got it yet—what kind of a councilman is that to have?"

BUT I wanted to make sure of O'Connell, so one evening I drifted down to his house with one of these new magazines under my arm. "The

Illustrations by
JOSEPH SIMPSON

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

missus home? " I asked. He called her into the parlour. I talked about nothing much for a while, then, accidental like, I opened the magazine to one of those new bathroom pictures all done in colour.

" Pretty nice, the way they're doing bathrooms these days," I says, showing Mrs. O'Connell the picture.

" They're for some movie queen's palace—like Gloria Swanson," says O'Connell.

" Oh, no," I says, " I've helped put 'em in houses around here. How'd you like to have one, Francis? " His name was Francis Xavier. " I've got some stock on hand, and I'd be glad to put one in here for you. You and the missus talk over what colour you'd like and just let me know," and I winked at him.

" Say! " he whistled, " that'd be pretty swell. With a tub on the floor level, like this picture? "

" We could fix that," I says.

He sat scratching his head for a while. Then he says, " Purple and yeller'd look swell, wouldn't they, ma? "

Well, when I thought of that hunk of meat, about two hundred and fifty pounds of it, touching his lily-white toe in a purple tub, and him with the flattest feet you ever saw outside of a shovel factory, I damn near split. But I kept a straight face and said, " I just happen to have one of them purple tubs on hand, and I'll fix it for you this week."

Then as I was leaving I said, careless like, " Mike Grady would make us a good councilman."

" You're right," says O'Connell. " He'll look out for the interests of his constituents. You know, Kelly ought to have remembered what Lincoln said, ' You can't fool all the people all the time."

I walked home quite pleased. You can't get a reform movement started unless you get the people interested in it. And I knew that the cops would be with me.

Well, we began to hold meetings, and we started things going pretty lively. We stretched a banner across the street, " Clean Politics in a Clean City. Vote for Grady." Then Kelly's gang put up a sign a hundred feet away, " Kelly has always stood for Clean Politics." We were going to cut that down some night when I had a better idea. We hung up a sign right next to Kelly's, " Kelly stands for CLEAN-up-quick-POLITICS. Vote for Grady."

" I let out a yell, ' Hey, we can't use this guy—

Mind you, I was keeping this campaign on a high level. No mud-throwing. I remember how one year the Organisation got low—and caught it in the neck. They had a fight in the Tenth Ward against some Democrat. So they got their candidate to go round with a goat that he called " My Opponent." He even had his picture taken with the stinking animal. The Democrats got it and printed a thousand of them with the motto underneath: " Picture of Republican Candidate and Goat. The one on the left is the goat."

No, sir, no personalities. Of course, Kelly did say in one speech that Grady was being subsidised by some mysterious force; then he began to talk about the Communists. Grady said the next night, " It would be interesting to know how one councilman, my honoured opponent, managed to buy a property that's worth two millions if a cent." And Kelly's gang shot a little too far another night. Grady was talking about America, and even quoting George Washington, when some of Kelly's gang dropped a lot of stink bombs. Grady got mad, and he yells, " There's a trick that shows you how low my opponents can go. While I stand here telling you things that are sacred to every American and you listen in reverence and awe, my opponent lets off stink bombs! " Grady could think fast, couldn't he? But the meeting did have to break up, the place stank so.

We aimed everything at one big rally in the Majestic Theatre the night before the election. That's the biggest and best theatre in our ward. Kelly was having a meeting, too, but he had to use the negro burlesque house, and no decent people ever go to it—I mean, not with their wives. We were going to run a couple of reels of movies—wild Westerns—then Grady was to speak. We gave out free ice-cream cones and a lot of rattles to whoop it up for Grady. And we got the crowd—husbands, wives and children.

Well, the house got dark and they began the pictures. I damn near died, for instead of wild West some of Kelly's bunch had switched pictures on us—and it began, in big letters, " Parisian Flirts! " And the first picture showed about ten young women and only four costumes among them.

I must say that Grady thinks fast—that's the trouble with him, too damn fast. He came out from behind the screen and says, " Fellow-citizens, there has been a mistake, thanks to the dirty work of our opponents. Instead of having a picture that no one could blush to see, they

got one arm *'Oh, hell,' says Grady, 'Let him come. What difference does one arm make among forty Polaks?'"*

have slipped this one over on us. However, we'll run it through so that you can all see what kind of picture Kelly prefers and what kind he thinks you women and children would like."

That was swell! It was just the kind of picture that the men would like, anyway, and now they had a swell alibi for looking at it. And the women wouldn't forget it when they came to vote next day. You got to hand it to Grady!

WELL, after the picture came the speaking. And the audience was all heated up, believe me. Grady talked for half an hour, and he had a bang-up ending. "Fellow-citizens," he says, "if I am elected I can go into office with my hands untied, not bound by a single promise to anyone"—he stops for effect—"except to six people." Then some guy we had planted in the audience yells, "Who are the six?"

At that a big flag that's been hanging in the rear of the stage drops, and there stand Mrs. Grady and her five kids.

The house went wild, I'm telling you.

Well, it was a wonderful rally. But you can't tell about rallies—no crowd ever claps its hands so sore that it can't write its votes the next day for the other guy.

And I was a bit worried about the election—the Organisation is hard to beat, even if our reform movement was popular and people said nice things. For one thing, you never know what dirty tricks the Organisation will pull, and you got to be ready for them. And another thing, the Fourth Ward is a funny mixture. One end, the first precinct, is chiefly nigger, and they always vote Organisation. The nigger vote's the cheapest thing there is—a quarter of a ton of coal will buy one nigger, his family, his wife's family, his cousins, and, if he's a preacher, his whole damn congregation. Then the middle of the ward, the second precinct, is white. I knew we'd stand a good chance of winning there. The other end, the third precinct, is Polish, and we'd have a close run there—maybe twenty votes or so would decide it. Of course, I made a few promises to the Polish leaders. It's funny what good politicians those foreigners become once they get Americanised.

Well, I started out on election day as watcher in the first precinct, the nigger district. That was easy! I sat down by the election officers. They were all Organisation, and ordinarily we wouldn't have had a chance. But just outside the door stood O'Connell, all nice and shiny. He and half a dozen cops with him.

The first nigger came in and asked for a ballot.

"I challenge this vote!" I yelled as loud as I could.

"Wha foah?" says the coon.

"Where's your tax receipt?" I yelled even louder.

He put it on the table, and I shouted, "That's a fake!"

I made so much noise that O'Connell came in and arrested the coon for making a disturbance around a polling place.

WE only had to do that five or six times until the news got around, and no more niggers showed up. The Organisation men were sore, but what could they do? If you have the cops on your side you can win any election!

The Organisation tried their dirty work in the second precinct—the white one. I saw a young chap come in, give his name as Brown, a longshoreman, and go in and vote. I never saw that guy in my life, and I knew he didn't come from the Fourth Ward, but I said nothing. An hour later he was back and asked for a ballot as Kinney, a teamster.

I waited until he came out of the voting booth, then I asked him quiet, "Say, lad, how many times have you voted?" and I winked at him. He was only a youngster, and scared. "Six so far," he says. "Six!" I yelled. Then I had an idea, and asked him, "How old are you?" "Eighteen," he says. Now, I ask you, voting a kid of eighteen six times! What way is that to make our young men respect our Government? But that's the Organisation.

Of course, I thought the Organisation might try a bit of rough stuff with some of the river front gangsters; so I had a couple hired and parked around the corner all day. But nothing happened; the Organisation didn't consider this an important enough fight to do anything dirty. They knew that Grady would vote with them on everything but plumbing contracts. Now, if we'd been democrats——

Well, things was running pretty smooth. I went home at noon for dinner, and half an hour later Grady came in.

"Say," he says breathless, "I got a chance to get about forty votes down in the third precinct." That was the Polish one. "Grab all the old clothes and coats you have and come on."

I went upstairs and got four or five suits, and came down to his car at the kerb. The back of it was already filled with old clothes.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"The election officers at the third precinct belong to the Organisation," he says, "but they can be reached. I made 'em a couple of promises about better jobs. After all, why should a guy sweat to make a living when he can go into politics? And there's no one there to make any trouble except one watcher from Kelly's gang—and he don't speak Polish."

BUT I was still in the dark. So I asked, "But why the clothes? Are you going to give a coat with a vote?"

"No," says Grady. "But I just found out that about forty Polaks haven't voted yet. Awful names they have—see, I got a list of them," and he shows me a bit of paper with terrible things like Mankshpsh, Wenskutsky, Zfaffopsky, and other disasters written on it. "If they haven't voted by now it means that they won't vote until this evening or not at all. So we'll find a man and vote for them."

Well, you won't believe it, but we drove around the streets for half an hour and couldn't find one man who would admit that he spoke English. Finally, we found one man sitting on the steps of his house. He spoke English like you or me, and we told him what we wanted after we discovered that he had no objections to earning five dollars. But just as he was getting into the car I let out a yell, "Hey, we can't use this guy—he's only got one arm."

"Oh, the hell!" says Grady. "Let him come. What difference does one arm make between forty Polaks?"

We parked the car around the block from the polling place and gave the guy one of the names from the list. He went in and voted. In less than five minutes he was back. We gave him another coat and hat and he went in and voted another name. Then he came back and got another change and another name.

Well, we voted him forty times, then paid him off. Then we went to the polling place, and the Organisation watcher was raising hell with the clerks.

"I don't know one Polak from another," says the clerk. "At least each of them could pronounce his name."

"Neither do I," says the watcher. "But who the hell ever heard of forty one-armed Polaks?"

By the late afternoon I began to feel that things were coming our way and we'd put the reform movement over. There's three things you got to do to be successful in politics—you got to have money, you got to get the people aroused, and you got to get them to vote. And we'd done all three. So I started home for an early supper.

On the way I passed Kelly and his son on the other side of the street, and he waved for me to come over.

"What's the idea of all this dirty work?" he asked, sore as an ingrown boil.

"Nothing dirty," I says. "Just showing you that you can't get away with murder all your life. Got you scared?"

"Listen," he dropped his voice. "How about Grady withdrawing right now? I'll see that you get more than your share of orders."

Trying to bribe me like that! I acted real sore and said, "No, sir, I'm not going to betray all the people who have voted our reform ticket. It's all or none with me."

"Well, it'll be none," he says, and walks off.

I went home for an early supper real confident. But I'd only started when Grady 'phoned—"Come right down to the first precinct—hurry!" I tore down there and found that the Organisation had about three hundred niggers all lined up, waiting to vote. O'Connell was standing by, looking helpless. Of course, he couldn't arrest all that gang. We watched 'em vote—every vote against reform. I didn't know what to do, and time was passing. About six-thirty (the polls close at seven) I had an idea. I ran around the corner and stopped the first big buck nigger I saw.

"Where do you live?" I asked him.

"Up town," he says.

"You want to earn five dollars?" Then I told him what to do—to get to the head of that line and not to let them bluff him out of his right to vote. If O'Connell couldn't arrest two hundred coons, at least he wouldn't arrest this one, no matter what happened.

SO the nigger got at the head of the line after a hell of a row. O'Connell stood by, paying no attention, of course. Then he asked for a ballot, and was asked where he lived.

"Up town, boss," he says.

"Then you can't vote here," said the election officer.

"Why not? I'se a citizen as votes where I likes."

Well, the argument went on, and the clerks called for the police, but there wasn't one in sight. Still they argued—the coon wouldn't move. Then it struck seven—and O'Connell came to see that the polls closed. They did. And one hundred votes against reform that didn't vote went up the street to the movies.

You won't believe it, but we won that election by just one hundred and forty votes—one hundred niggers that weren't cast and forty Polak that were. I spent the next week counting up the cost of bringing clean politics into our ward, and, believe me, it was plenty.

So Grady went to Council, and I sat back and waited for the contracts to come my way. I got the first—a little one—and I began to feel that the cost and energy I'd put into reform were worth it. Or, rather, after half a dozen more contracts would be worth it. Then, all of a sudden, I was taught my lesson—don't monkey with dirty politics; you can't clean them up, no matter what you do. Do you know what happened? Well, Kelly's son married Grady's daughter Alice just like that, and Grady turned all the contracts over to Kelly just to keep the money in the family. If that isn't the rottenest kind of politics!

Tell me, young man, what kind of a Government is it that doesn't do things for the people who take an interest in it? That's what Government's for. No, sir, I'm through reforming politics in this town, I'm through with all kinds of politics. But, of course, if the Organisation came across with some proposition——

W. C. W.

Sasha

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

The Haymarket Theatre's leading lady, as she appears in a Paramount British Film of that very British play "Aren't We All?" by Frederick Lonsdale, being made at Elstree. She is seen wearing one of the Norman Hartnell gowns in which she is appearing in the film. The cast also includes Owen Nares, Hugh Wakefield, Marie Löhr, and Harold Huth.

VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH Lenare

Who, before her marriage last year, was Miss Romaine Coombe. Her husband, who is the only son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, is the member for County Down

ROUND THE TOWN
by JANE GORDON

THERE is something very depressing about one's clothes at this time of year. At the end of a long winter season even one's favourite dresses begin to look discouraged. The truth of the matter is that we are utterly tired of our old clothes, and we dare not buy new ones until we know what the new fashions are going to be. It is while we are waiting for the new fashions that we should be spending any spare time and any spare cash we have in beauty parlours. If you have been thinking of having a course of wax baths, or any other form of slimming treatment, now is the moment to do it before the new spring fashions are out.

ALTHOUGH a great many of our smartest women follow every season's fashions slavishly, there are some women who are so sure of themselves that they can afford not to be so particular. These women refuse, for instance, to be influenced by fashionable colours. They wear their own particular colours in the same way that they wear their own particular perfumes. Lady Diana Duff Cooper and Lady Milbanke are very fond of a certain shade of port wine red. They were both at the première of a much-discussed talkie the other evening, and each one wore a velvet evening coat of this shade. Lady Diana's had a large collar of black fox. Lady Brougham and Vaux is one of the very few women whose complexion is so dazzlingly pink and white that she can afford to wear bright violet. Lady Buchanan-Jardine often wears white in the evening and pale colours in the daytime, while Lady Bridget Poulett has most of her evening dresses in pale pastel shades like powder blue or sea green, and her day clothes in very dark colours, such as navy blue, bottle green, or black.

SOME of our pre-War famous beauties keep their beauty in the most amazing way. I met Lily Elsie taking a walk in Hyde Park the other morning. She was wearing a long coat which was severely tailored in a rather lightish blue tweed, with a blue hat to match, and she looked quite lovely. I think it is not only the structure of her face and the way her eyes are set, but her expression, that makes you realise she is still a great beauty. I would be prepared to take on a small bet with anybody that none of our present-day lovelies will have a ray of looks left in another fifteen years.

THE VERY YOUNG IDEA ON FASHIONS

The following has been received from a little reader :—

MY idea of the fashion may be completely different from other peoples. For instance there is the womans fashion, it may be the cause of the Goverment, but any how I don't like it.

Some people in short dresses and some people in long wich does not suit hardly any of them. Some rich people wear the latest fashion one year then the next year all the dresses and things they bought are out of fashion. And probably they have been taxed so heavily by the Goverment that they cannot afford to buy any more. Otherwise they are probably quite senceless and throw the things they bought away, because they are not the fashion. Thats how a good deal of money gets wasted.

ONE of the newest and most amusing kinds of diamond clip has a tiny watch secreted in its inside. Miss Gwendoline Brogden has one of these, and it is the greatest fun to play with it. You would never guess that the watch is there until you have been shown the trick. Apart from this diamond clip, it is extraordinary how uninteresting diamond jewellery has become lately. Both jewellers and their clients seem to have lost all their imagination where these stones are concerned. A good many evening dresses just now have diamanté shoulder-straps. Any jeweller might have taken a hint from this fashion and produced shoulder-straps of real diamonds with clips on each end which could be fastened on to different evening dresses, but this simple idea never seems to have occurred to them. Mrs. Francis Francis owns more diamonds than any young woman in England just now, but she only wears them on the correct occasions. She was at the Empire a few evenings ago dressed in a severely tailored black suit and small, close-fitting, off-the-forehead hat, with not a jewel to be seen.

A GOOD deal of chain armour jewellery is being worn just now. The smartest girl at the Kit-Cat a few nights ago was wearing a necklace like a chain-armour collar. It was about three inches wide, and fastened at the back of her neck. Her dress was of white embroidered organdi over a silk slip.

THE bodice had two panels like apron bibs front and back that were tied into rabbit-ear knots on the shoulder, and the slip was cut waist-low at the back so that the back part of the bodice was transparent. Another woman at the Monseigneur was wearing a similar chain-armour necklace cut in triangles, but this was not nearly so effective

THE smartest women I have seen this week have been Miss Rose Bingham, who was dancing at the Embassy in a brown chiffon dress with an emerald-green belt and a roll décolletage of the same emerald green, with a shoulder spray of greenish-brown orchids; and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, who was dancing at Quaglino's the following evening in a charming white georgette dress with two flat flounces on the skirt, and a narrow waist-band of the same material tied in a little apron-string bow at the back.

LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP was quite the best-dressed woman at the races on Saturday. Her tailor-made suit had a three-quarter length coat, and was made in a bright blue woollen material.

A Portfolio of Fashion

MRS. E. CAMPION ACHESON wears with distinction this unusual coat of heavy white crêpe romaine. The tight fitting bodice is tucked at wide intervals and a band of mink borders the décolletage, high in front and very low at the back where it is accentuated by a bunch of dark red roses. With this gown is worn a short coat of dark red velvet with a scarf collar and curiously puffed and tucked sleeves which give the appearance of a muff. Both this and the gown come from Worth of Hanover Square. Mr. and Mrs. Acheson have recently bought a charming house near Adversane in Sussex and Mr. Acheson's first book, "Password to Paris," will be published this spring.

Compiled weekly for "The Bystander" by

Madge Garland

Photograph by Maurice Beck

New Fabrics which herald

New weaves and colours, subtle con- in every variety of will be the makings

THE new spring woollens show a tendency to dispense with the checks and large patterns which have hitherto characterised them, and to rely on a subtle variation of weave rather than on design. They are extremely light in weight, and capable of every complexity of cut. Diagonal and herring bone weaves are popular and a new and attractive style is a weave which gives a honeycomb effect. Irregular weaves are also much seen and small self-coloured flecks; there are a few small checks and some loosely woven fancy jerseys suitable for sports blouses and scarves. On the whole, variety of colour will be obtained by the juxtaposition of the two colours of plain materials rather than by one material carried out in several shades, and amongst the most favoured colours are a dull, greenish and a royal blue, coral red, a great deal of black and white and above all, beige—that outcast from fashion which after several seasons of neglect has once more returned to favour.

Woollens from Munro & Co.

the Coming of Spring . . .

new woollens, fresh trasts, silks patterned floral design, these of our new Spring clothes

IN spite of many rumours to the contrary, flowered chiffons and crêpe de Chines are once more to be worn, and the beauty of the new designs is excuse enough for such preference. Flowers, flowers and more flowers are the order of the day, and the designers this season have exercised their ingenuity in varying this theme rather than in inventing alternatives. Many of the flowered chiffons show large but rather faint all-over designs, such as that which makes the scarf of the maiden on this page, while others show more definite and more highly coloured though smaller floral designs. An excellent example of the small repetitive flower design is the daisy pattern which makes the tunic of the maiden's dress. Apart from flower designs there are many varieties of dots, but these are small and unevenly arranged and very far removed in style from those large and rather startling spotted patterns which were associated with an age more allied to 'jazz' than is our present year of grace.

Silks from Debenhams

Variations on

Hands, gloved or ungloved, theatre, or for driving, the every day life of

GOLF gloves (above) of washing chamois leather, button at the back and have perforated knuckles. The brown capeskin palm ensures a firm grip. On the right smart gauntlet gloves in natural chamois are hand-sewn in a darker shade and accompanied by a white cloth and stitched brown leather belt and bag. Below are seen three-quarter length evening gloves of the finest suède which may be obtained in white and several pale shades. All the gloves shown on these two pages are from Fortnum and Mason.

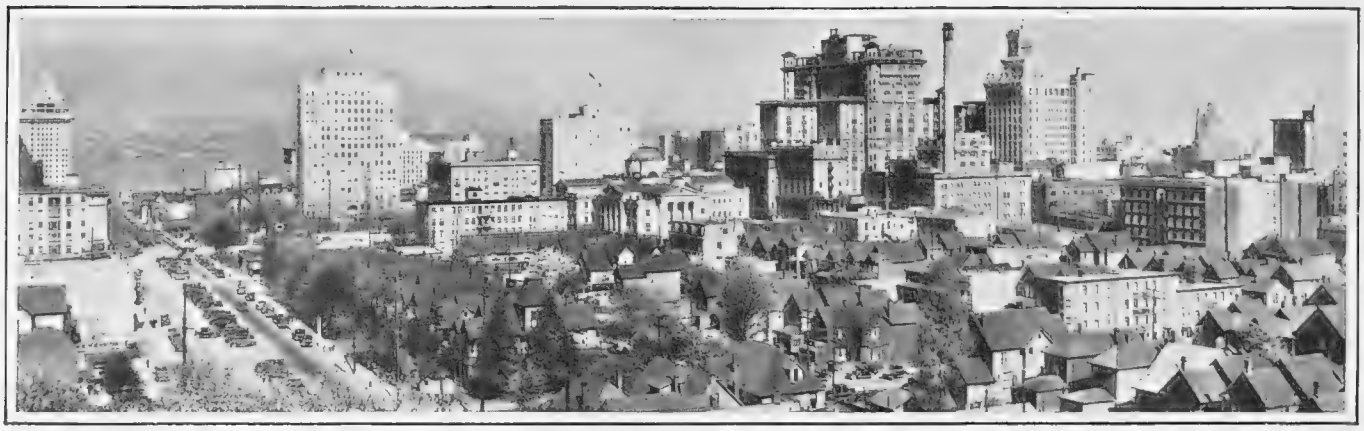
a Theme . . .

ready for sport, for the present an epitome of contemporary woman

Photographs by Shaw Wildman

FOR motoring a pair of washable white hogskin gloves (above) have been chosen. These hogskin gloves which give almost everlasting wear can also be obtained in natural colour. On the left moderate length beige mocha hand-sewn gauntlets accompany a brown tweed walking suit. Knitted riding gloves (below, centre) with scarlet wool backs and bright yellow string palms are very smart. These may be also obtained in green and yellow or brown and orange. The hunting crop is by the courtesy of H. J. Nicoll. The magnificent sapphire and diamond bracelet and the large sapphire ring set in diamonds shown in the photograph below, and the black and scarlet enamel vanity case in the photograph on the opposite page are from James R. Ogden and Sons.

BRITISH COLUMBIA for a Holiday



A general view of Vancouver, the largest city in the Province of British Columbia, the third largest in the Dominion, and the fastest growing port in the world. Vancouver is a city of over 300,000 inhabitants, and is one of the principal manufacturing centres of the Province, which has a total area of 355,855 sq. miles

IN order to popularise the idea of Travel Imperially, the Government of British Columbia has just issued an invitation which takes the novel form of asking a selected party, open to both sexes, to make a tour of the Province as paying guests of the Government. For £177 10s. (subject to Exchange fluctuation) an itinerary of seven weeks, starting from Liverpool on May 27, and returning from Montreal on July 8, has been arranged, and this sum includes the passage across the Atlantic in the 20,000 ton luxury "Duchess" liners of the Canadian Pacific, reserved Pullmans on both the transcontinental systems, and hotel accommodation of absolutely first class. Nothing on this scale has hitherto been attempted by any Overseas Government, and from it guests will discover for themselves the magnitude of the cities, the beauty of the diverse scenery, the fertility of the country, and the value of the Province not only for visitors seeking recreation, but as an ideal place of residence and retirement

Above is seen the snow-capped limestone Pilot Mountain in all its grandeur, as seen from Lake Louise Road, Banff

The middle picture on the left shows Emerald Lake, near Field, one of British Columbia's most beautiful inland waters

A typical Canadian cottage home near Victoria, showing the luxuriant vegetation, which speaks eloquently of the equable climate and fertile soil

Bar Americaine

by ETHEL MANNIN

Illustration by LUNT ROBERTS

THE café-terrasse is crowded, but it is quiet in the bar behind; it is a little early yet, six-thirty. A waiter in a white coat stands staring sombrely out at the red lights of the boulevard through the swing door; one bar-tender leans on the counter reading an evening paper; the other picks his teeth and stares at his own thoughts, smiling faintly.

On the red leather bench opposite the counter a woman wearing a crimson felt hat and a shabby-smart black coat trimmed with imitation Persian lamb is talking rapidly and intently to a Chinese who sits on a chair at the other side of the table. He smiles all the time and tries to make her smile. He points to the ink on the forefinger of her right hand, laughing, but she snatches her hand away impatiently, and the torrent of her words flows on. Whatever she is saying to him she is not going to be laughed out of it. Her mouth is bitter, and there are shadows under her eyes, and the lids are swollen. The Chinese, still smiling, reaches out a hand and says, "Au revoir," but she refuses the gesture. Twice during the next few minutes he repeats the attempt at parting. There is despair in her face now; she is being beaten by his suave smile. It is clear that he is refusing to quarrel, and equally clear that he is driving her to desperation. Suddenly she says something which wipes the smile from his face. He pretends not to be disconcerted, but he glances nervously about him; he is obviously terrified that she is going to make a scene . . and outside lie the lights and the blessed freedom of the boulevard.

A MIDDLE-AGED man and woman have come into the bar and are sitting in the corner at the far end of the banquette; the man has his hand on the woman's knee and one of her hands rests on his. Lovers to whom love is palpably no laughing matter. . . . They watch the Chinese and the woman in the crimson hat with interest. Both the barmen are also watching. The Chinese grows restive. He makes a final effort and rises from the table. The woman reaches out to him, and the whole of her manner, as well as her despairing, pleading face, tells him that he cannot go like that. She is still talking rapidly. But he goes—smiling, courteous, unmoved, before she has finished what she has to say. He knows that so far as he and she are concerned she will never finish what she has to say. If there is ever to be an end he himself must make it.

As the swing door crashes behind him the woman goes on talking to herself for a moment, hysterically, glancing about her, eager to pour out her wrongs to anyone who will listen. A woman with yellow hair and a white chiffon dress under a tweed coat has come into the bar and is perched up on a high stool at the counter. The woman in the crimson hat gets up and goes over to her. She stands there talking rapidly, gesticulating, shrugging, both defiant and despairing. The woman in chiffon listens with a show of sympathy, not speaking, puffing out cigarette smoke, her eyes watching the door like a cat watching a mouse-hole. The woman in the crimson hat is too preoccupied with her anger and resentment to perceive that the woman in white is listening only with her ears.

A tall, conventionally good-looking, conventionally well-dressed, man enters the bar, accompanied by an ugly, intelligent-looking woman wearing a green suède jacket and a green suède hat with two pheasant's feathers standing bolt upright behind. They climb up on to the stools beside the woman in white. She smiles and makes a casual friendly remark. The woman in the red hat goes back to her table, calls for pen and ink and stationery, and begins to write. She writes slowly, considering every word More ink gets on to her forefinger. Her eyes are sullen.

THE woman in white chiffon crosses her knees higher than ever and tips forward on her stool towards the man. The woman in green watches her with interest, smiling. The woman in white makes a remark about the man's hair; touches the back of his neck with slender fingers with varnished nails; he, in turn, looks at her hair, touches the back of her neck; she laughs; he looks at her dress; she plucks at it; he lifts a fold, and another fold; he lifts the long flounces of chiffon to her knees, laughingly, playfully, but deliberately; the woman encourages him. Each knows every move of the game, sure of themselves and each other. He buys her a drink, turns back to the woman in green to reassure her; the woman in white smiles at her; that, too, is a move

in the game. But the issue of the game is not certain. The man cannot leave the woman in green; she may grow offended and leave of her own accord; but she may not; and for the man, too, convention is stronger than provocation. One of the two women is going to be left, the pheasant or the fairy . . . and the odds are against the fairy. She does her best, she does her utmost; but the pheasant remains perched firmly on its stool, smiling, but obdurate. The fairy laughs more wildly; throws back her tweed coat a little and reveals bare, white shoulders. In that dress she is ready to go anywhere; but that dress also sets a standard; she cannot be taken where there is sawdust on the floor; the white chiffon sets the cue for champagne and chandeliers. . . . But she will get no more out of this man than that one cocktail and his hand on her garters.

He is going; the woman in green has already climbed down from her stool; the man gives the fairy a parting hug; she throws back her head and offers her mouth; he cannot refuse. The woman in green turns in time to see him removing traces of lipstick. The fairy laughs; the barman smiles; the swing door closes on the pheasant and her escort. The fairy recklessly orders herself another drink and smiles along the counter at a man in a double-breasted coat, horn-rims, and a pork-pie hat. He gives her a quick, embarrassed half-smile and concentrates on his drink. As soon as it is finished he goes out. Now the woman in white sits alone at the bar, talking to the better-looking of the two barmen.

S

THE woman in the crimson hat has finished her letter and is turning the pages of a magazine full of coloured illustrations of nude females. A man seated on the bench a few feet away from her makes a match the excuse for leaning over her table and glancing at the magazine. She gives her permission for him to take a match from the stand on her table without looking up. In a few moments he, too, goes out. Two showily dressed, elaborately made-up women enter, one in green velvet and fur, the other in a squirrel coat and a green hat that clashes with the other green. They smile at the woman in the red hat and sit down near her. The barmen and the waiter nod to them. They light cigarettes but order nothing. They watch the swing door.

The couple in the corner are now sitting far apart; the woman's eyes are stormy, the man is frowning; she is talking to him, hard; he is silent, except for a moment when he flares up, and subsides with a shrug. The woman's eyes fill with tears. She fumbles in her handbag and brings out a handkerchief. He lays his hand on her knee again, bends towards her. She hides her face for a moment, then presses his hand. The man calls for "l'addition." He helps the woman into her coat; she smiles softly, and they leave.

S

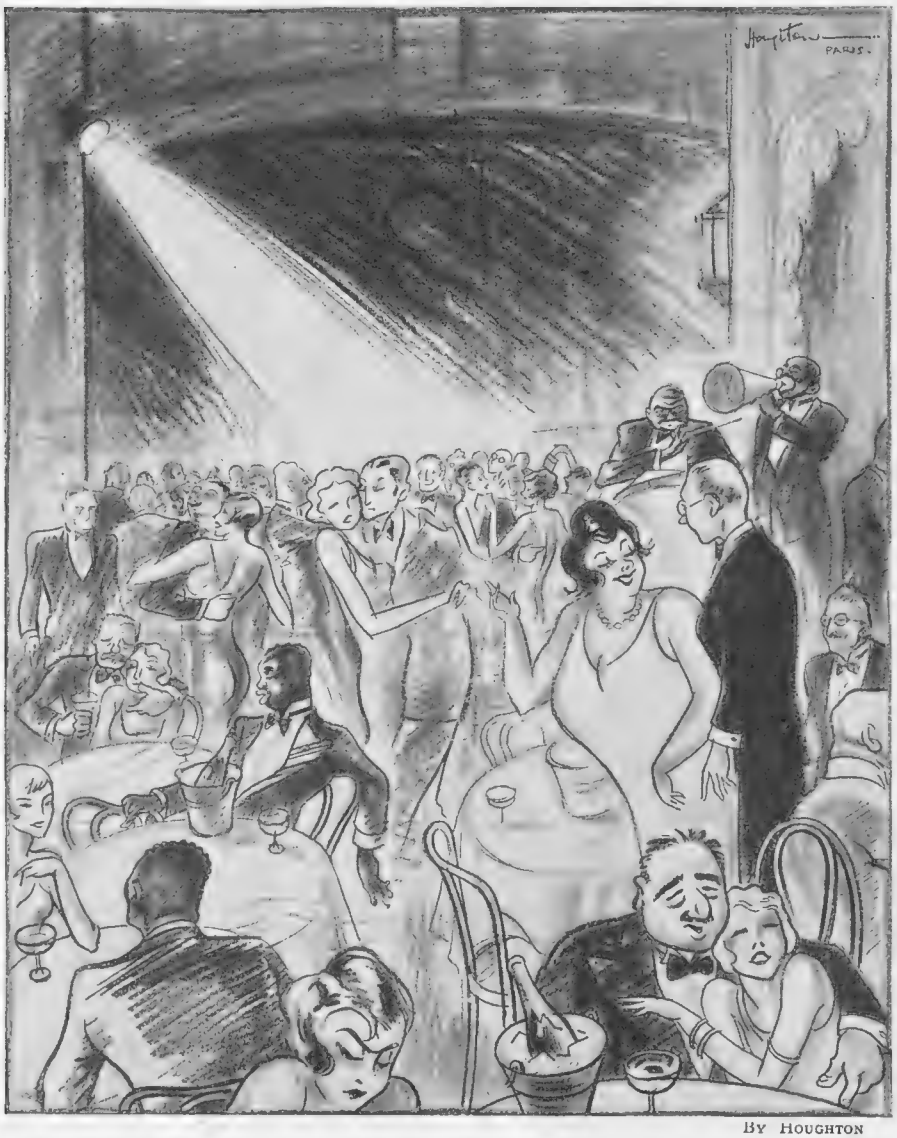
THE young man in the brown tweeds and the spotted pullover says something to the girl in the scarlet dress and blue leather coat at his side, and they both laugh. The girl pulls on a small black hat; the man takes a shabby brown overcoat out of the rack behind them; they pay their bill, take the last olive off the plate before them, and the swing door closes on them.

S

THE woman in chiffon kicks a white satin shoe impatiently against the counter and blows cigarette smoke into the barman's face. He goes on leaning on the counter facing her, but they have used up whatever conversation they had. They are both waiting.

The woman in the red hat stares at the magazine full of nude females, but no longer turns the pages. The two women in green continue to sit in silence watching the door. It is eight o'clock.

E. M.



BY HOUGHTON

NIGHT CLUB PROPRIETRESS: "Yes, we're just one big family here"

E. N. A.

The Countess de Zogheb, who, at Bucharest, was recently chosen as the most lovely woman in Roumanian Society. The National Committee of judges was composed of noted painters and sculptors

FLYING NOTES

FLYING by the ROYAL MAIL By Capt. C. E. Ward

A WEEK ago to-day the first of the regular services to the Cape left Croydon Airport, and should have arrived in Kenya, Capetown being reached on Sunday afternoon. Paying passengers will be carried in a month's time, just as soon as the personnel have settled down to routine work, the air fare to be £130, freight and excess baggage at 13s. a kilo., and letters at 1s. per half-ounce. For the first time an air liner had the insignia of the Royal Mail painted on its side, and all the speakers at the lunch given by Imperial Airways after the event referred to this day as an historic occasion. Sir Samuel Wilson reminded the guests of the part played by the late Capt. "Tony" Gladstone and by Sir Alan Cobham in preparing the way for the regular service. It was at the Governor's Conference, held in Nairobi during the winter of 1927-28, and attended by these two pioneers, that the East African Colonies and the Sudan agreed to bear their share of the subsidy. This was augmented at a later date by contributions from Southern Rhodesia and South Africa, the latter promising no less than £80,000 a year so that the Home Government might be relieved of a large part of the financial burden.

Sir Vyell Vyvyan, seen on the left, and Lady Vyvyan at Croydon before departure for Cape Town on the first of the regular mail services. Major E. S. Grogan, who is standing between them, walked most of the way from the Cape to Cairo some thirty years ago, taking two years for a journey which is now to be accomplished regularly in 8 days

Matters of Public Policy

IF it is true that the Treasury has brought pressure to bear on the Air Ministry, forcing the latter to suspend the contract for the six-engined flying boat which was to be our answer to the German DO.X., then it seems that we need more vision and courage in high places. If the millions spent on airships were justified, then a mere £100,000 on a flying boat, which would enable us to show the Flag and prospect for new air routes in any part of the world, would appear a cheap form of national publicity. Whereas the DO.X. was not a commercial success, there was every chance that our boat could profit from the experience of the Germans. It was being built at Supermarine's with engines by Rolls-Royce, the partnership which won for us the Schneider Trophy. The official excuse for the suspension of the contract is lack of money. Apparently the Air Ministry has been faced with the alternative of dropping the flying boat programme or that for the high-speed mail carrier, and the latter is considered more important. Most people believe that they are of equal value, but we know practically nothing about fast commercial machines, a type which the Americans have made their own speciality, though we already hold the lead in flying boat design.

"Helena," one of Imperial Airways machines, is the first to have the distinction of bearing the Royal Arms. It carried His Majesty's mail on its first stage to Cape Town, and Mr. Dudley Travers, one of the air mail pilots, is seen weighing up his responsibilities

Wind and Weather

THE new editor of the *Sailplane*, the journal of the British Gliding Association, is Capt. F. Entwistle, who is the acknowledged authority at the Air Ministry on meteorology. The success of sailplaning depends primarily on knowledge of air conditions, and therefore Capt. Entwistle's close association with the movement will be of the utmost value. There is no doubt that we have a lot to learn about air currents, which can help or retard flying machines according to their direction. By a process of elimination pilots are often able to choose a favourable current, thereby increasing their ground speed on a long-distance flight, and the day will come when daily charts of the probable wind speed and direction at various altitudes will be available over organised air routes. That air currents can actually be dangerous to aircraft has been proved on more than one occasion, particularly in mountainous country and where peculiar rock formations occur close to the sea, such as at Gibraltar. Air maps of the future will indicate dangerous areas which can be likened to the whirlpools and rapids to be found in many rivers.

The Latest Flights

TWO Avro Tens for the Egyptian Government were delivered by air last week, the pilots being Flt.-Lt. Christopher Clarkson and Mr Dan Cameron. It is not known for what purpose the machines will be used, unless it is as Government transport on official occasions. The Egyptian Air Force has a fleet of Moths, some of which are used for training and others for offensive patrols against smugglers. One of the Avro Fives belonging to Wilson Airways, of Kenya, has been in use as an ambulance to carry a stretcher case from M'beya, an isolated aerodrome at the south of Tanganyika, to Salisbury, the distance of 900 miles being covered easily in a day with one halt at Broken Hill. Air Commodore Kingsford Smith reached Port Darwin in approximately twelve days with the delayed New Year's mail, thus beating his own speed record for a commercial flight between Australia and England by one day.

GOLF GOSSIP

FROM TEE TO GREEN

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

THE Walker Cup is to be played this year after all. The last event, that of 1930, was played at Royal St. Georges, Sandwich, so that the next will be in the States. There has been a rumour that it would not take place owing to the economic conditions, and when the U.S.G.A. selected Francis Ouimet to be the captain they took no steps to select a team; the President of the U.S.G.A. stated that no communication had been received from the R. & A. This body now announces that a cordial invitation has been received and accepted by them. All golfers will be pleased at this news, and the announcement of the names of the players in both teams will be eagerly looked forward to. Unfortunately, our record in this contest is not one of which we can be proud. The first event was held in 1922, at Long Island, U.S.A., and was won by America by 8 games to 4. In the next, at St Andrews, we were beaten 6 to 5. In 1924, at New York, America won 9 to 3.

Miss Eithne Pentony, the Irish golf champion, playing on the Hermitage course, near Dublin. The unusual swing to her drive is being freely discussed by golfers

THE contest from 1924 became biennial, and in 1926, at St. Andrews, we were again beaten by 6 games to 5. At Wheaton, in 1928, we suffered our heaviest defeat, America winning by 11 to 1. In 1930, at Sandwich, it was the same story, America won by 10 to 2.

I am optimistic enough to hope that this year may see our first victory; after all, Wales has just defeated England at Rugby for the first time for ten years. Until last year everyone in Wales asked, "What is wrong with Welsh football?" Let us hope that as Wales has recovered her form at football, so will our amateurs at golf. I trust that our team will be selected soon, and that they will train with the same thoroughness as will, without doubt, their American rivals.

ANOTHER golfing fixture of great interest is the revival of the match between teams of English and Scottish professionals, which is to take place at Sandwich in June.

The date chosen will be very shortly before the open championship, so that the pick of professionals of both countries will be assembled on the Kentish coast. With such players as Henry Cotton, Arthur Havers, Percy Allis, Archie Compston, A. J. Lacey, A. Padgham, and many other celebrities to choose from, England would appear to be in a very strong position.

EAST BRIGHTON is a club much patronised by members of the theatrical profession, and I wonder that Tom Webster, who is another frequent visitor, does not produce one of his inimitable cartoons, using some of them (George Graves, for instance) as subjects. I am sure it would be most amusing. When playing there the other day I met Mr. Claude Hornby, the criminal court solicitor, who is defending in the "Damage to Eros" case. Mr. Hornby is a six handicap player, and a very useful one, too; like many other members of his profession he is a keen golfer.

Mr. I. K. MacRosty, the Cambridge University captain, playing against Addington in the opening match of the Lent term. The Light Blues scored a big victory by 13 matches to 5

WEDNESDAY, March 30, is a date to remember, for on this day will be played "The Bystander Trophy Competition," which is a five hundred guinea silver challenge cup presented by us and played for annually by representatives (a lady member and a professional) of all the leading clubs. The professional plays off +4 and the lady her L.G.U. handicap, 18 being the limit. Last year's event was won by Beaconsfield, represented by Mrs. Hutton and W. Cox. The winners receive attractive prizes to commemorate their success, the cup being held by their club. Addington Palace will be the scene of this year's competition, and will, I am sure, prove a test for those who enter. A number of alterations have been made to the course which, in the opinion of many, will ere long rank as one of the finest in the country.

Entrants desiring to practise at Addington Palace on the day prior to the competition will be made honorary members, and they may be assured that Major Phillimore, the secretary, will welcome them.

Mr. Claude Hornby, the criminal court solicitor who is defending in the "Damage to Eros" case, which comes up, after remand, at the Marlborough Street Police Court to-day, Wednesday. He is seen at the East Brighton Golf Club

THE outstanding feature of the victory of the Cambridge University team over the Greenkeepers' Association at Oxhey was the brilliant golf of G. R. A. Jamieson (Magdalene) against W. H. Smithers. Between the fifth and eleventh holes he had five "birdies," and his score for the eight holes was 3, 3, 4, 5, 4, 4, 3, 4—30. Smithers put up a good fight, but was beaten by four and three. Cambridge won by eight matches to one with three halved.

HERE is another golf story. Two Turks and an American were playing a three-baller; they were all square at the 17th, and before addressing the ball on the 18th tee the first Turk bowed low to the East, and said, "Allah, give me strength to hit this ball!" He took a careful shot and hit the ball about sixty yards. His compatriot then bowed to the East, and said, "Allah, grant me good eyesight to see the ball clearly!" He hit his tee-shot about 100 yards.

The American then sauntered on to the tee, bowed to the North, South, East and West, and then said, "'Well, Al, guess you know me!" and promptly drove the green.

CLEMENCE DANE writes on THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"THE BROTHERS"

By L. A. G. STRONG

(Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)

"THE BROTHERS," by L. A. G. Strong, the January choice of the Book Society, is a tragedy in novel form. We have few great tragic novels in our language, though we have many novels in which tragedy has an equal place with comedy and romance: and it is an odd fact that such tales generally belong to the country, not the town. Indeed, in such novels as *Wuthering Heights, The Bride of Lammermoor, Tess of the d'Urbervilles* or *Victory*, the locality is an actual figure and factor in each story—the people generally melt into their own landscape, as it were. It is as if the conflicts of natural forces—assailing wind, storm, cold, resistant rock, yielding earth, and the mortal immortal seasons — can find in human tragedy their interpretation and explanation. When the novelist is aware of this a great tragic novel is the result, a novel dealing in the main with characters capable of every emotion but the emotion of laughter.

FOR cities have a sense of humour, nature has none. Comedy belongs to the towns where men have substituted art and custom for nature and necessity. It is hard to write a tragic novel about townsfolk. It instantly becomes tragi-comic. Cheerfulness keeps breaking in. For the townsman is the non-natural creature, the creature who laughs. But in the tragic country, the country of nature, nothing laughs. Storms, avalanches, tidal waves, have no humorous side: nor are these things, translated into terms of the human spirit, humorous. Only by living in opposition to nature can man enjoy comedy.

BUT the bother of it is, for the civilised modern writer, that tragedy, because it shuts out humour, is always hovering on the edge of farce. The drip of blood from the ceiling in *Tess*, the convulsions of Heathcliffe—how dangerous are these moments! The power of a great writer to affect the reader's imagination, to force the reader to see every incident in its true, its tragic light, alone saves such moments: just as the power of racial imagination alone prevents us from seeing that odd wooden oblong, a coffin, as a ridiculous instead of an awful shape. The writhings of a man in torture amuse a savage, just as an old woman's slip on orange peel amuses a street boy. Tragedy and farce are divided from each other by a hair: and comedy finds both in bad taste. "People don't do such things!" is the cry of the civilised, the comic man.

IT is by their power to preserve the tragic man from becoming farcical that we judge a writer. Few moderns have dared the test. They take refuge in irony, in photographic realism: they turn to romance, they dramatise, sentimentalise, civilise: they slice life and display the sections chapter by chapter: they choose almost any form by which they can fairly avoid the heroic test. A modern writer who welcomes the test is for that alone interesting.

Pearl Freeman

L. A. G. STRONG

Whose new novel, "The Brothers," is the Book Society's choice for the month. It is published by Gollancz at 7s. 6d

NOW in *The Brothers* Mr. Strong deliberately accepts and abides by the tragic rules. The setting of the story is a tragic setting: that is, an uncivilised setting, of mountains, wild countryside, sea, rocks. The human beings, the interpreters of the countryside, are of ancient race, ruled by legend and tradition and religious superstition.

THE theme is bare and biblical: indeed, the stories of Jacob and Esau, of Absalom, of Ammon and Tamar, came into my mind as I read. There is a feud between two families. A girl is desired, taken, and afterwards murdered as callously as the woman in Judges. A younger brother is exploited and betrayed by a jealous elder; and so on till Fate or Nature, and not the wronged man, takes a hand in the game and punishes the guilty.

NOW such facts are police court news or high tragedy according to the will and capacity of the writer. In Mr. Strong's hands they are tragedy. There are moments indeed when the civilised reader shivers for him: there are moments when farce is near. The murder of Mary, the obedience of Fergus, strain his capacity for acceptance. But the writer's spell is very strong. Before the reader has time to be critical the dangerous moment is over: and if the drowning of Mary is the weakest thing in the tale, it is balanced by the amazing presentment of the earlier murder. For plain horror the drowning of the informer is comparable with the drowning of Morris in *Rob Roy*.

I FEEL that I am doing this book an injustice by dwelling on certain tragic scenes in it, instead of upon the tragic intention of the whole. But the fact is that certain scenes—the scene of the rowing—of the phantom battle—the scene with John and the bull—and the picture, present in the reader's mind throughout the tale, of the two brothers forever walking single file, a jealous space between them—are so intensely vivid that they overpower the plot. The story of the brothers remains in one's mind much as childhood remains, not as a connected chain of events, but as a series of memories in picture form. The novel is a deeply interesting one: yet it seems to me a preparation, a portfolio of masterful sketches, for a masterpiece to come.

Garnered at Random

No man works harder against his own interests than the man who works for them exclusively.

* * *

PLAY after play has failed in New York recently. People just can't get a thrill out of the same old cuss words.

* * *

CIVIL servants in Jugo-Slavia have been forbidden to curse the public. This kill-joy spirit is certainly increasing.

* * *

A WOMAN on trial in New York said she could not remember shooting her husband in November. Not many people keep a diary up to November.

* * *

NOTHING makes a daughter more indignant than when her father is unable to make enough money to enable her mother to dress as she does.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

Hughes

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

The author of "Evensong" (Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d.). This new novel is reviewed below

THE TYRANNY OF VANITY

By "Junius"

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS states officially on the contents page of his novel, *Evensong* (Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d.), that the characters are fictitious. But those of his readers who knew Melba will recognise so many of her traits in Irela, the world-famous singer who is the central figure of his story, that Mr. Nichols will have to pardon them if they incline to the opinion that but for Melba Irela would not have been created. It is a clever book, the best Mr. Nichols has yet written. He has not accustomed us to depth of feeling or tragedy in his work. This dissection—and dissection is the only word that applies to this study of a famous woman fighting against age—therefore comes as a surprise. Pitiless, yes; as pitiless as the age against which Irela fights so tenaciously, but as real as her spreading figure and failing powers.

IRELA has grown old as a Queen of Song. The thought of yielding her throne to a younger woman fills her with a jealousy so intense and bitter that she goes on giving farewell appearances. In her private life she has kindly impulses, but these are outweighed by selfishness and a strain of cruelty, especially to her niece Pauline Joycey. Although she appreciates the girl's ceaseless attentions, rather than be alone for a few days, Irela tries to wreck Pauline's happiness by cruelly turning back the hands of a clock.

Just as she has dominated the world of song, so Irela dominates her own world. Pauline can only gain happiness with her young lover by flight. The end of all is the announcement of another farewell season by Irela—Mr. Nichols's most mordant touch. Sometimes in reading this book I have been reminded of D'Annunzio's *Il Fuoco*. There is the same pitiless exposure of physical change as if the woman was only an anatomical specimen, with the addition of Irela's desperate fight to keep herself before the public. This would be a tragedy if it did not arise from a prodigious vanity. A remarkable book for so young a man to have written.

"IS marriage a rock upon which two people can build up a satisfying, contented, all-fulfilling life, or is it a quicksand into which two people of entirely diverse temperaments step and then find themselves rapidly sinking into a slough of discontent and disillusionment?" This is the question on the jacket of *Poor Delights* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.), by Margaret Peterson. The author gives two answers to the question. Betty Shorthouse and Christopher Gray marry and certainly sink into "a slough of discontent and disillusionment." But they come together again, and the reader is left with the conviction that this time they have found the solid rock through their early experience. The book suggests the theory, perhaps, that happiness in marriage depends on such experiences, but it is a deeply interesting and human story.

WE all know tragedies in human lives which have their origin in self-depreciation, but we are apt to dismiss them with impatience—there is nothing heroic in what we consider weakness. Mr. Sidney Fairway, however, in *The Doctor's Defence* (Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d.), has shown us in his hero, John Witwill, how such weakness can grow into strength, and ultimately into supreme self-sacrifice. John Witwill is a doctor. So self-deprecatory is he that the woman he loves is constrained to propose to him. She dies through his lack of belief in his own diagnosis. Years follow as a country practitioner; and rarely has such a life been described with greater skill and insight. Then comes the supreme test. Witwill's grown-up son, Astley, writes curiously like his father. Love letters of his to a married woman are discovered by her husband. The boy is at the beginning of a brilliant medical career. The father, to save him, takes the blame, and is struck off the register. Ultimately, he finds the happiness he deserves. Realism as applied to fiction is a much-abused word, but in *The Doctor's Defence* you have realism at its best, showing the growth of mental strength and character in a man who started life with a heavy temperamental handicap.

MARGARET PETERSON

Whose new novel, "Poor Delights," has recently appeared. It is published by Hutchinson at 7s. 6d.

"GREEN AFTERNOON" (John Long: 7s. 6d.), by Margaret Ferguson, is one of those love stories which will have a wide appeal. Janne Mortimer has the defects of her qualities, intense loyalty being one of these. Loyalty to her dead father causes her to break with Alison Peters, the soldier she had promised to marry; loyalty causes her to break with the elderly Milligan in India. A clever study of a young girl's temperament, with closely observed studies of Anglo-Indian life.

MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE is the master of glamour. Who has forgotten *The Blue Lagoon*? Now, in *The Lost Caravan* (Collins: 7s. 6d.), we have a wealth of romantic settings, serving as backgrounds for equally romantic people. Jean Matisse, a young French painter, makes the acquaintance of a gipsy girl called Karan and an old blind beggar whilst on a walking tour in Bosnia. They join forces and, wandering down to the Adriatic, stay on a little island until Jean's anxiety to return to his painting leads to tragedy. In self-defence he kills the husband of a woman who has been sitting to him for her portrait, and has to escape. He is picked up by a French ship, and, after being landed in Morocco, joins the Foreign Legion. You can imagine what glowing pictures Mr. Stacpoole gives us of life in the Legion. Karan joins Jean, and in the lost caravan there is another tragedy of the desert. A story of movement and vivid colouring from start to finish.

THOSE who go down to the rivers to fish must find a place on their bookshelves for *The Humane Angler* (Hutchinson: 6s.). It is a collection of angling stories and sketches, collected and exhibited by John Haslette Vahey, bearing such well-known angling names as those of Major-General Sir George Aston, Horace G. Hutchinson, Stephen Gwynn, and William Caine.

MOTOR NOTES

SAFETY SKIDDING

By E. M. Wright

A group including the Misses Neilson, Garland and Mary Emmet, Major Liddell, and Capt. J. A. G. Emmet at a recent meet of the Warwickshire. The car in the foreground is a new Alvis 20 h.p. "Silver Eagle"

WINTER motoring is the real test of driving skill. In summer-time, on bone-dry roads with an engine in good trim, you can "get away with it"; but that early start on a raw morning shows whether you understand the "temperament" of your car as you ought, and a stretch of greasy road will soon show whether you have really mastered the technique of driving. So will a patch of fog. Cars are fool-proof only in the sense that any fool can make them go—after a fashion. The more you drive the more you realise how much there is to learn. No one can teach you. Your knowledge must come from practical experience, for in motoring, above all else, it is true that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory.

MR. VICTOR RILEY

The Chairman and Managing Director of Riley (Coventry) Ltd. His father founded this famous firm, which built the first 9 h.p Riley as long ago as 1905

IT is because some of them have never had that experience, and not on account of any accident of sex, that women motorists are so often, and so unfairly, held up to scorn. I am not one of those lordly males who dismiss them with a snort of contempt. Indeed, I know many whose skill would humble the proudest of the scoffers. But no one, man or woman, is a motorist born. Practical experience is essential. Not until you have driven in foul weather and fair, over bad as well as good roads, can you claim to be an expert at the wheel. If your car is in commission during the winter months the sooner you learn the worst as well as the best of winter motoring the better for you and the better for others. I do not want to paint winter worse than it is. In nine cases out of ten you will experience no difficulties whatever. But it is just because difficulties are comparatively rare that many motorists never learn how to overcome them and are at a loss when suddenly they find themselves "up against it."

***

"THE road was slippery and the car skidded"—in how many thousands of cases has that explanation been offered and accepted as final and convincing proof that an accident was, as the insurance companies have it, "an act of God." We cannot order the weather, but it does not necessarily follow that we should become the mere helpless victims of every depression from Iceland. First and foremost, we may ask, why *should* roads be slippery after a fall of rain? It is the road builder who is at fault here. There are thousands of miles of roadway in this country that are genuinely safe in wet weather. Roads that are not are a standing reproach. The builders of these slippery roads are primarily responsible for hundreds of thousands of skidding accidents. That, however, is no reason why a motorist should make matters worse by reckless disregard of his own and other people's safety. The weather he cannot control; the roads are as he finds them. He must learn how *not* to skid.

***

SKIDDING is one of the biggest bogies of motoring. With a novice at the wheel quite a simple skid may end in a crash. An old hand will either prevent the car from skidding at all, or at any rate will save himself from unpleasant consequences. A little practice will soon tell you the sort of road that is likely to be slippery in wet weather, and the first rule of skid driving is to be on the alert for these surfaces. If you do come upon a stretch of slippery road, keep cool. Many a motorist comes to grief through sheer panic. I need hardly stress the importance of driving at a moderate speed, particularly when taking a corner. Most motorists, too, realise the danger of sudden braking.

***

BUT many still do not realise the danger of sudden acceleration, which is almost as likely to cause a skid as sudden braking. A quick swerve, too, is very risky, particularly if the road has a steep camber, and for that reason do not attempt to overtake another car unless you have ample room to complete the manœuvre quietly and gradually. All is not lost even if you do skid. Every London bus driver learns to control his vehicle on a schooling ground with a surface far worse than is ever found in actual day-to-day experience. The golden rule is to leave your brakes severely alone, take your foot off the accelerator, and steer *into* the skid.

***

DRIVING in fog is mainly a matter of having your lights properly focused. In brief, the near-side head light should throw its beam downwards and towards the left, so as to pick up the near side of the road. If you have a spot-light—and I recommend you to fit one—it, too, should be directed to the near side of the road. Keen controversy rages among experts as to whether an amber light will penetrate fog better than an ordinary white light. I, personally, believe that coloured fog discs are a help, but colour does not affect the main point, namely, that you must have your lights properly adjusted.

(Continued on next page)

DOGS

PAINFUL PADS

By LADY KITTY RITSON

THERE are many minor ailments which may attack a dog, and for which it would obviously be absurd to call in a vet, but which, if treated properly, become better much quicker than they would otherwise. There is always the question of cut pads owing to the delicious habit so many people have of scattering broken glass on common land. Last week, in my neighbourhood, a child cut her foot so badly that she will never walk again, and a dog sliced a large part of his pad off. Luckily, I happened to be there when the boys broke the bottles in their happy way, and I should think that one of them at least has a "cauliflower" ear by now.

A DOG will see to a cut foot himself, but of course it may be cut so deeply that he loses a lot of blood. If it is bleeding very severely and will not stop, dissolve about a teaspoonful of alum in a breakfast cupful of water and bathe the foot. It will be very painful and you must be prepared for the dog to dislike it, but it will stop the bleeding. Do not put on a bandage. For one thing he will tear it off, and, for another, a dog's tongue is the most aseptic thing there is, and he will keep the wound clean and free from germs. A badly cut pad often causes a great loss of blood and makes the animal quite tired and weak for a few hours, and you may have to tempt him with a little "extra bit of good" as it is colloquially known in my kennels. Perhaps a little Bovril with a dash of milk or something like that.

Silverden Queen, a champion Dalmatian, owned by Mr. Hackney, of Essex, with her puppies. She will be shown at Crufts next month

IT is as well not to take him for walks until he can go comfortably. If you live in the country a run on the lawn will suffice; or if you live in a town just a "dander" round the houses. Be sure to see that there is no glass left in the wound, as, if this is the case, it will fester and never heal.

ANOTHER common ailment is wet eczema. It generally appears in a patch on the hind-quarters, but it may occur anywhere I am frequently asked how to distinguish between eczema and mange. Well, a rough-and-ready rule is that mange comes on slowly and the dog scratches for a long time before you see anything, but eczema appears in a couple of days in a wet, bleeding patch. Most amateurs make the mistake of tinkering with it, instead of making a good clean job. Bob Martin's ointment is excellent for most skin troubles, but rub it well into the place, and cut off the hair close to the skin and with a good margin, by which I mean leave a good margin between the hair and the diseased part.

OLD dogs should have their teeth carefully inspected every week to make sure that they are not suffering from toothache. A dog's teeth should last as long as itself, if it has been properly fed. That is one of the great advantages of dry biscuit, for it acts as a cleanser. So do big bones. Train your dog to allow you to inspect his teeth. If you press them all in turn and he does not wince they are probably in good condition.

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

IN THE NEWS

Taxes on Time Payment

I have few kind words to say for Income Tax collectors, but they, at least, are more lenient than those who collect motor registration fees. Income Tax collectors do give you a little time to pay, and never have we been in greater need of leniency than in this present month. Even quarterly licences represent so heavy a charge that many owners have no other course but to lay up their cars. Time payment extended over the whole year would bring millions now lost into the Treasury. Time payment—though quite unofficial—is proving a most successful means of garnering in Income Tax, and the country is the gainer by the public-spirited schemes which many big firms have organised to help their employees meet their Income Tax demands. The Dunlop Company, for instance, have paid their employees' tax for them and are giving them six months in which to repay it. Could not the A.A. or the R.A.C. organise some similar scheme for hard-pressed members?

Washers and Wheels

It is a grim thought to imagine what might happen if one of the wheels suddenly came off, but if you are careless when changing a wheel it is by no means a remote possibility. A friend of mine forgot the washers when screwing up the nuts after changing a wheel, with the result that about a week later he discovered the wheel was very loose. In another few minutes it would have come right off. If you notice the steering a little difficult, get out at once and investigate. It is worth going round the car every now and then and testing the nuts. If a washer is missing have it replaced at once. Without the washer a nut is apt to work loose, and if you are continually tightening it up you wear the thread so that it is more likely to work loose again.

Dearer Petrol

An increase in petrol prices is almost inevitable. We import almost all our motor fuel from abroad, and depreciation of the pound has added millions to our fuel bill. In fact, it is very largely owing to cut-throat competition among the various oil concerns that an increase in price was not announced earlier. A rise in price was confidently anticipated very shortly after we went off the gold standard. It was avoided then, but now that depreciation in sterling represents a 30 per cent. increase in landed costs, there is every likelihood that present prices will go up Exchange difficulties have aggravated a situation already far from satisfactory to the oil and petrol companies. Even before we went off the gold standard intense competition had forced prices down to an uneconomic level. It has long been realised that so soon as production was re-established on a more economic basis the price would tend to rise. There are signs that the petrol war is coming to an end. If this be so the British consumer will have to bear a double burden, due to exchange difficulties and to world price movements. A substantial increase in the price of petrol will stimulate the production of motor fuel in this country from coal. Research is well advanced, and price difficulties are the only important obstacles in the way of large-scale production.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Conolly, who are well-known in Australian sporting circles, have just completed an unescorted motor tour from the Cape to Cairo. They are seen on their arrival in London with their new Austin Twelve-Six

A 4-COURSE MEAL FOR ALL DOGS!

Every dog loves SHAPES, the little mixed biscuits with four different shapes and flavours. There's nothing like them to keep a dog well, and happy.

Spillers

SHAPES

In packets and bags, 5d. and 1/-; also loose by the pound.

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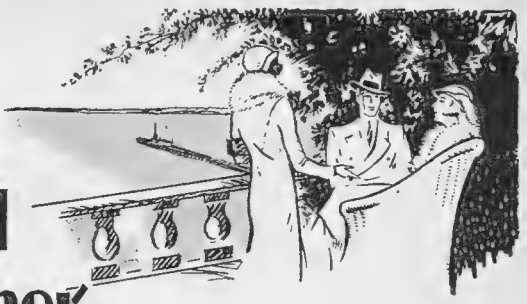


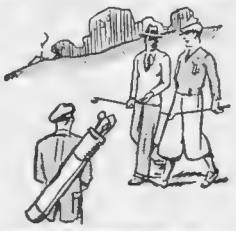
'Fair and Warmer' – its always so at BOURNEMOUTH

This Winter go towards the sun . . . to Bournemouth — beyond the walls of everyday existence . . .

Far from the chill winds and fogs of the city—you will find a new health awaiting you. Days of sunshine on the golf links . . . exhilarating walks by the sea and into the beautiful country that surrounds Bournemouth.

In the evenings the magnificent Pavilion provides music by the famous Municipal Orchestra and excellent dancing to the rhythm of the latest dance tunes . . . you'll enjoy yourself at Bournemouth and feel really fit—too.

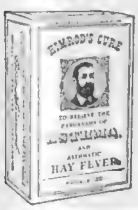
BOURNEMOUTH



Where Summer Winters . . . .

Write for Winter literature and Guide free from the Town Clerk, Room 90a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

ASTHMA



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4/6 a tin at all chemists.

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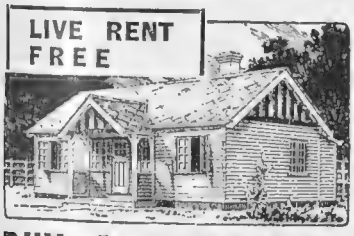

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1793 THE TEST OF TIME 1932

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, for the hair, was first made in 1793. It has been used by the public in ever-growing numbers for 139 years, which surely is proof of its deserved position as the leading hair preparation of to-day.

Rowland's Macassar Oil keeps the hair in perfect condition and imparts to it a lovely glossiness.

Of Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers. 3/6; 7/- & 10/6. Red for dark hair. Golden for fair or grey hair.

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Your Children!

GUARD their tender skins by using **Cuticura Soap** regularly from the day of birth.

Assist with the **Ointment**, if required, to soothe and heal any irritations.

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Sore Throat?

"We are never without WULFING BRAND FORMAMINT, a little common-sense protection is all that matters."

Mrs. R.J.—W.

WULFING BRAND
FORMAMINT
conquers Sore Throat and prevents infectious diseases (Influenza, Diphtheria, etc.).

At all Chemists, 2/6 per bottle.

GENATOSAN Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

SHOOTING NOTES

MOORLAND DRAINING & HEATHER-BURNING

By "CLODHOPPER"

GOOD-BYE to the disappointing game shooting season of 1931. Let us now make preparations for the future. On the grouse moors draining has, or should have been, in full swing since the earlier part of the present month, for however thoroughly this most essential work has been previously carried out, each succeeding winter reveals wet and soggy patches which require the attention of the drain cutters. In soft, peaty soil the sides of old drains will be found to have caved in since they were last examined. These, where necessary, must be re-cut and all obstructions removed.

THE average Southron keeper would, perhaps, feel inclined to smile at his Scottish moorland brother for the extraordinary care which the latter takes in setting out and cutting his drains in perfectly straight lines. But there is a method in such madness, for the straighter the drain the greater and quicker the flow of water through the channel and the less it is likely to become obstructed, particularly when given a good downward fall. Many an English keeper, indeed, might learn a useful lesson in draining by paying a visit to the northern grouse moors at the present time. In point of fact, these Notes are written on a certain estate of medium acreage in North Lincolnshire. Some of the lower-lying portions of the ground have become quite boggy from the heavy and continuous rains of the past few months, and two so-called keepers employed thereon have been very busy of late in "draining" operations. A sorrier mess than these probably well-meaning but unintelligent (they either won't or can't be advised as to how the work should be done) men have made of the job it would be difficult to imagine. But, as the owner of the place does not appear to care a hang whether the ground becomes waterlogged or not, I have advised him to allow it to become a snipe bog. These are the kind of men who poke fun at the careful and well-studied methods of the moorland keepers.

DRAINS should never be cut immediately down a slope or rising ground of any description, but across the face of the same, allowing, of course, sufficient fall to carry the water away rapidly. In the event of a small spring being met with while draining, it is sometimes advisable to lead the overflow to an arid part of the moor devoid of water. It must not be forgotten that thorough and systematic draining leads to early and successful heather-burning. Particular care, therefore, should be bestowed upon the cutting of drains running through those parts of a moor to be fired.

Lorna Countess Howe at the Kennel Club's Twelfth Spaniel Championship Field Trials at Auchencairn, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire. She is seen with the Champion, Banchory Rachel, which competed in the Cocker Spaniel Stakes

PLANS may now be made with regard to heather-burning and the areas to be fired, although, unfortunately, such operations are mainly governed by two dominating factors, wind and weather. Briefly, it is seldom that burning can be dealt with according to pre-arranged plan. But to secure grouse a sufficient supply of their staple and favourite food, young heather shoots, it is highly necessary that patches of the old and coarse heather should be fired in every part of the moor. Each patch should cover about half an acre, interspersed by tracts of holding cover. Two years burning usually results in a very fair crop of young nutritive heather.

ANY proprietor or lessee of a grouse moor who neglects heather-burning may expect to lose a goodly proportion of his coveys, as a shortage of food naturally compels the birds to forage farther afield. For example, I know of one Derbyshire moor which has, through such neglect, been practically denuded of grouse within the last three or four years.

MARCH is the best month of the year in which to practise heather-burning, but, as mentioned elsewhere, the elements have much to say in the matter. Prevailing winds may leave the part of the moor you have arranged to fire first wet as a sponge, and the other portion dry as a bone. Advantage must be taken of every favourable hour; you should employ as many men as possible; burn from day to day as weather permits, and make the most of the time. When a sufficient patch has been burned the fire must be very carefully beaten out with sticks, boughs, or spades, otherwise the flames may run too far and play the very deuce, especially if the heather be dry.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE CONUNDRUM OF SHOOTING

AT the close of a shooting season there is interest in taking stock of the personal skill that has been displayed and deciding whether one has improved or gone back. Still deeper enquiry can be applied to the origin of shooting skill and how far it can be assisted by "taking thought." In my own case I have been watching results from this aspect with great care and find myself more than ever a spectator than the director of my own motions. Certainly the shots of which one has reason to be proudest are taken with the least calculation, yet always there remains after kill or miss a knowledge of the little spot in the air at which the charge was directed, also its position relative to the object at the same moment. You don't find that spot by calculation, though it may be analysed after with the help of figures if you are that way inclined. When you are shooting well the spot draws the muzzles to it with mechanical and unstudied accuracy. And you know when you have been on the right spot even when the eccentricities of pattern may have left a hole just where a cluster was needed. Conscious control of shooting can help in sundry ways so long as it does not amount to interference. Plenty of practice of the right sort is also beneficial. Good physical and nerve health are all-important; yet the thing itself must apparently be left to the chance of the moment. I once was accused of making these notes too cryptic, yet I have never known anything quite as cryptic as the act of shooting, viewed as a process apparently under control yet never properly done when controlled.

Tried to Brush Away Ugly Yellow for Years

Whitens Teeth 3 Shades in 3 Days

LOOK in the mirror. Are your teeth ridged with yellow—stained, decayed in spots? Are gums drawing away from teeth and growing pale? If so, now is the right time to try the scientific Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique—a half inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night.

Overnight you'll note an improvement. For this unique dental cream kills millions of germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath and cause 95% of all tooth and gum troubles.

In just 3 days your teeth will look cleaner and whiter—fully 3 shades whiter. Gums will feel firmer and look healthier. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste.

The very moment Kolynos enters the mouth it FOAMS, thus permitting the use of a dry brush which makes Kolynos 10 times more effective.

This penetrating FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny pit, fissure and crevice. Kills millions of destructive mouth-germs, 190 million in the first 15 seconds. Erases tartar and stimulates the gums.

THUS TEETH ARE QUICKLY AND EASILY CLEANED AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED —RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY.

NOW if you want sound, dazzling white teeth and firm, coral-pink gums start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Buy a tube of Kolynos from your Chemist to-day.

KOLYNOS

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MADE IN ENGLAND

A SWEET MOUTH adds charm. About 15 drops of Liquid Kolynos in half a glassful of water form a refreshing, antiseptic, deodorizing mouthwash and gargle which instantly removes all trace of tobacco or other odour, and sweetens the palate. Indispensable to all refined people. Get the sprinkler flask to-day, 1/9 all chemists, or post free on receipt of price from Kolynos (Dept. L.A.38), 12, Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Rosy was, read her testimonial—

From

Miss Rosy Rapture

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I gargle with it after every performance and have always believed that my astounding beauty is largely due to its use. (This is my stock testimonial. Please adapt to your petrol as I am so busy. R.R.)

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Winter Shell Petrol is specially blended to give quick starting in cold weather

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

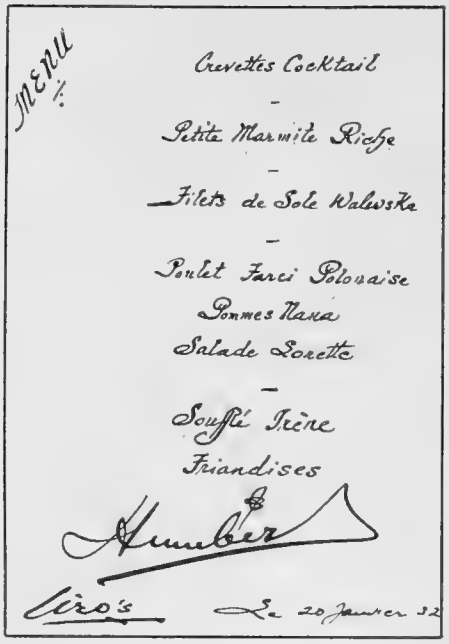
HORS D'ŒUVRES
SALADE LORETTE
HUÎTRES AU PARMESAN
LANGUE DE BŒUF BRAISE
SAUCE PIQUANTE
EPINARDS À LA CRÈME
SOUFFLÉ AU CHOCOLAT
CAFÉ

Salade Lorette

TAKE one and a half dozen picked prawns, a cupful of cooked peas, adding any other cooked vegetables such as French beans, and minced raw tomato. Make a good mayonnaise sauce and mix all well together.

Huîtres au Parmesan

PUT two ounces of butter in a stew-pan with half a gill of cream, stir over the fire till hot. Add a wine-glassful of Chablis, a tablespoonful of anchovy essence, and a little grated lemon rind. Put half this mixture into a buttered dish, and place a dozen bearded oysters on it: sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs. Then add the rest of the sauce, season well, sprinkle more breadcrumbs and cheese on top, and bake till well browned. Serve in the dish in which cooked.



The menu of an attractive dinner served recently at Ciro's, in Orange Street. It has been signed by the Restaurant Manager

Langue de Bœuf Braise

TRIM and pare a pickled ox-tongue, and place it in a stew-pan on top of about six thin slices of bacon, adding an onion stuck with a clove, a few pieces of carrot and a bouquet garnis: add a pint of stock and cook the tongue till nearly done, then take it up and remove the skin. Strain the liquor in the pan, removing the fat, add half a pint of rich brown sauce, some chopped capers, two chopped gherkins; place the tongue back, and continue to cook until tender. Cut into slices, and serve on a hot dish with the sauce surrounding.

Soufflé au Chocolat

GRATE four ounces of chocolate and mix it with a gill of milk and a spoonful of caster sugar; boil until smooth. Melt an ounce of butter in another pan and stir in an ounce of flour: cook a little without allowing to brown, and then mix in the chocolate and milk. Boil while stirring, and then allow to cool a little. Add the yolks of three eggs separately, and then a teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and stir lightly into the mixture. Turn into a buttered soufflé dish and steam for about forty minutes. Serve immediately.

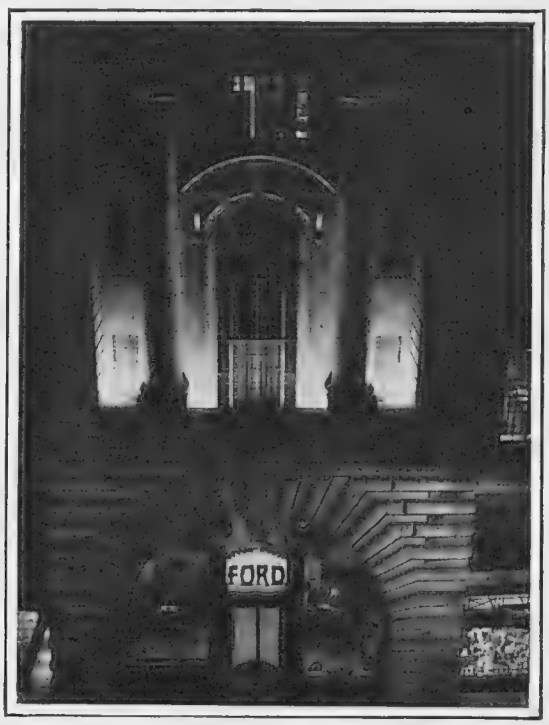
THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Dog Show Season

January is one of the quietest months in the exhibition world, but exhibitors are already making their plans for Mr. Charles Cruft's great show, which takes place at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London, on February 10 and 11. This is the biggest event of its kind, and at no other show is there such a large attendance of the general public. A full classification is provided for more than seventy breeds, the schedule, which may now be had from Mr. Cruft at 12, Highbury Grove, N.5, containing as many as 1,299 classes. This is an increase on last year. Special sections are devoted to gamekeepers, the Metropolitan Police Canine Friends' Association, railway, omnibus and tram workers. There is also a class for brave dogs. More than sixty of the best known breeders have promised to judge. Six classes are included specially for racing Greyhounds, and all the gundogs and terriers receive an unusually generous classification. Many companion dogs are shown for the first time at Cruft's, and some of them, by winning there, have in a day become worth sums beyond the wildest dreams of their owners. At a recent show an Airedale, that had been bought merely as a pet, first won the Challenge Certificate and was then awarded the cup for the best of all exhibits.

A Challenge to the Pessimists

Much has been said and written of world depression and economic crises, and a challenge is issued to this type of vicious propaganda by Singer and Company, Ltd., the motor manufacturers, of Coventry. During the past three months large numbers of Singer cars and chassis have been shipped to twenty distinct world markets, in each of which the distributors are progressively advocating and selling British goods. This success has not been achieved by disparaging our foreign competitors, but by the inherent qualities of British cars. The growing demand for this country's manufactures is on a firmer foundation than ever before, now that we are building vehicles entirely suitable for overseas service, and the enterprise wisely shown by our progressive firms is being amply rewarded by the ever-increasing demand for their products from foreign markets, where it is becoming recognised more and more that our British manufacturers can be relied on implicitly to deliver the goods.

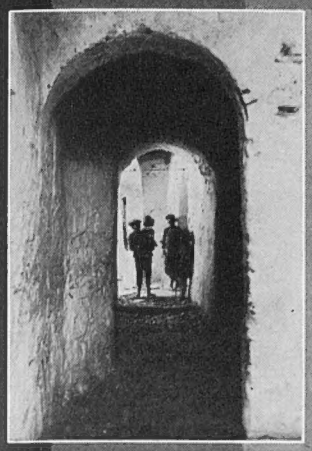


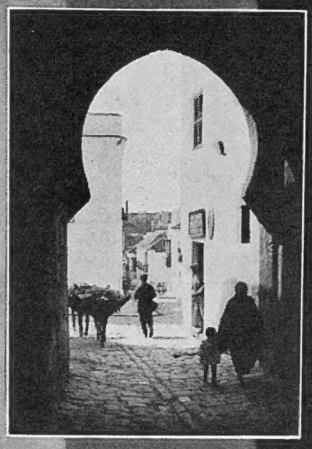
A WEST END NOCTURNE

An unusual view of the imposing façade of the Ford Motor Company's headquarters in Regent Street which heightens the impressiveness of the distinctive building

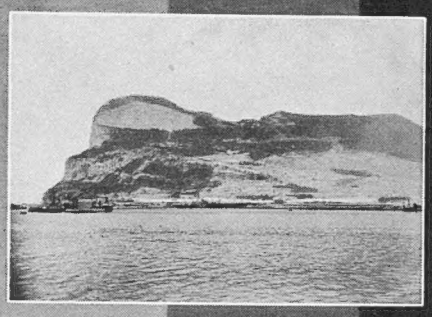
A Notable Champagne

Founded in 1838 by the late M. Deutz, the proprietors of this well-known brand are fortunate in owning extensive vineyards in the Ay district of Champagne, so that the greater part of their wine is made from the famous grapes grown there. A dry wine of great bouquet and delicacy, Deutz and Geldermann rapidly established itself in public favour throughout this country and is now in general request at the leading hotels and restaurants of the West End, being frequently chosen for banquets, receptions, and similar functions both of a public and private nature. M. Rene Lallier, son-in-law of the founder of the firm, and his son, M. Jean Lallier, who so ably conduct the affairs of the company, inform us that there is every likelihood of their shipping a 1926 vintage, and that this wine promises to prove a very successful follower to their 1921 and 1923 vintages. There is still a fair stock of the latter available, but with the inroads caused by further demand it is satisfactory to learn that when exhausted, the 1926 vintage will be ready to take their place.





ALGECIRAS
AND ENVIRONS
(SPAIN)



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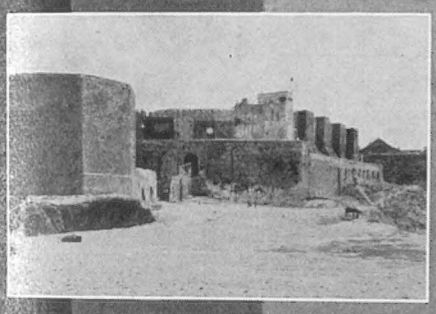

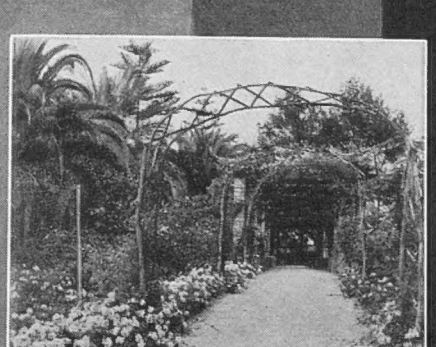

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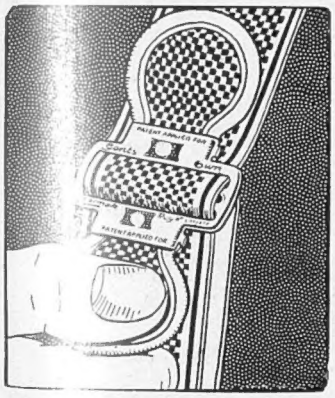

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